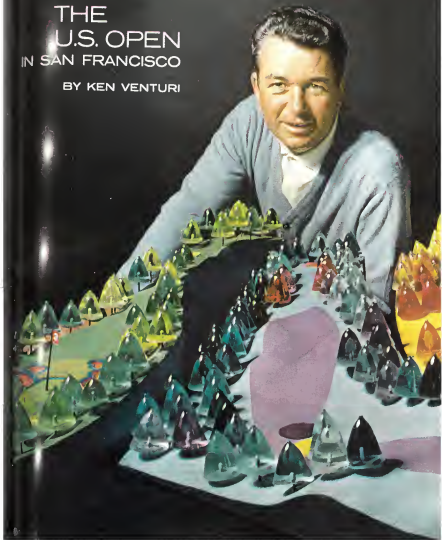


Sports Illustrated

35¢ U.S.

THE U.S. OPEN IN SAN FRANCISCO

BY KEN VENTURI



The sluggers may shake
when they come to Quake Corner



Clubs yo

CLUBS OLD IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CHAN... BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH 85 & PROOF BLENDING CANADIAN WHISKY



Cleek

An all purpose iron for distance off the fairways. Used in much the same way as today's #2 iron.

Putter

Even in the old days, putters look queer shapes. This one has a wooden head, faced with iron.

The year was 1895.
The first U. S. Open was played at Newport.
Eleven men entered.
Horace Rawlins won with a 173 for 36 holes.
Golf has changed a lot since then.
Most woods and irons are no longer made by hand.
Their shafts are steel instead of hickory.

Their proud old names have given way to antiseptic numb.
Happily, there is one club that hasn't changed a bit.
Canadian Club is still distilled with the same formula
Hiram Walker created back in 1858. And it's still a prefe
whisky wherever distinguished people gather.
At country clubs. Private homes. Fine hotels. Restaur
And taverns.

I might have seen



Mashie-Niblick
Corresponds to today's #6 or #7 iron. The deep ridges on its face gave balls the required backspin.

Driver
Note the leather anal, studded with wooden pegs. Club bottom is rim of horn and brass, for added strength.

Goose-neck Niblick
This is an early goose-neck club. Some modern clubs are designed this way in an attempt to prevent shanking.

Why this whisky's universal popularity?
Canadian Club has the lightness of Scotch and the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like it. You can stay with it all evening long. In short ones before dinner, in tall ones after.
You owe it to yourself to try Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—this very evening.



A bottle of Canadian Club Whisky stands in a field of tall grass next to a wooden post. The label on the bottle reads "Canadian Club Whisky 1895" and "J. & W. Walker Ltd. Montreal, Canada". The bottle is dark and filled, with a white label. The background is a soft-focus field of tall grass and a wooden post.

So named because it was used for lofting the ball out of ruts made by horse-drawn manure-spreading wagons.

Canadian Club
First made in 1858
by Hiram Walker
Originally called
"Club Whisky" —
to show that it was
served in exclusive
gentlemen's clubs

Squash-Parche Ball
Replaced the football ball in the mid 1800s. Its heavier weight led to the use of shorter, squatter club heads, with Hickory shafts.



an appointment
to his Majesty Queen Elizabeth II
in support of Canadian Cystic Fibrosis
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MONTREAL CANADA

Canadian Club

"The Best In The House" in 87 lands

Source: Primary Golf Trading Company, New York, N.Y.



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as long as you're disabled—tax-free cash income to meet mortgage and installment payments, buy food and clothing, and enjoy "living as usual!"

You don't have to be helpless when serious disability cuts off your income and threatens to exhaust your savings—if you do something about it now. Call your A+U+L agent. If you're not yet acquainted with him, write to us.

We will send you his name.

A+U+L

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Next week

THE THIRST is Yankee features after Ralph Houk succeeded Johnny Keane as manager was phenomenal. Leonard Koppeni analyzes the turnaround and explains the real reasons for it.

A HAPPENING with motors is the famed 24-hour automobile race at Le Mans, France. The brilliant cars, tearing crowds and props in pop art all mingle in colorful photomontages.

A HOME FOR HERONS is settling on a million dollars' worth of New Jersey waterfront. Bill Gilbert tells why the residents of Stone Harbor have decided they prefer birds to ash.

I chose my investments carefully...why would I want Bache to review my portfolio?

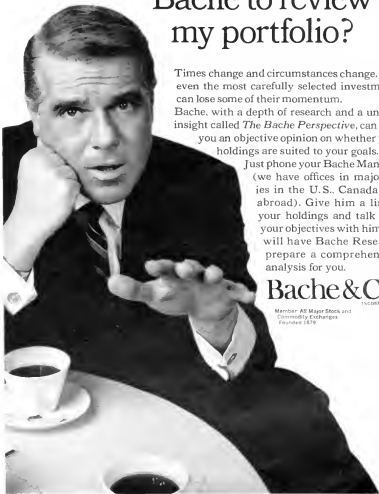
Times change and circumstances change. And even the most carefully selected investments can lose some of their momentum.

Bache, with a depth of research and a unique insight called *The Bache Perspective*, can give you an objective opinion on whether your holdings are suited to your goals.

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BOOKTALK

A backward look is useful to those who would conserve our natural resources

History is of use. Knowing what has happened in the past is essential for taking intelligent action that will shape the future for the better. This is true of any field of human endeavor, but it is particularly true of conservation. Many of its enthusiasts are well-intentioned but ignorant of the work and research that has gone on before. Now the Ronald Press in New York has published *Origins of American Conservation* (\$4.50), edited by Henry Clepper of the Society of American Foresters, a book that should give anyone interested in the field a good grasp of the basic history. Various authorities, such as Richard H. Strod of the Sport Fishing Institute, Clarence P. Idyll of the Institute of Marine Science at Miami and James B. Treleihen of the Wildlife Management Institute, offer concise sketches of developments in the major fields of natural resources.

America's historical record in resource use is not a good one. We grew rich in the past at the risk of impoverishing the future. The myth was that our riches were inexhaustible, and catch phrases coined in the early days of settlement—"rivers teeming with salmon," "endless forests" and "un-counted buffalo"—haunt us today. It was not until the late 19th century that some Americans began to realize that resources could be wiped out, land depleted and streams ruined.

Conservation in the United States owes its impetus to perceptive citizens, not to state or government officials. The father of the movement was George Perkins Marsh, a Vermontor, whose book *Man and Nature*, published in 1864, stressed the vital function of forests as checks against erosion and flood control. Other scientists followed his lead, often in cooperation with sportsmen who had seen the ravages firsthand. Spencer Fullerton Baird led the U.S. Fish Commission in the 1870s. A. K. Fisher and C. Hart Merriam advocated laws for bird protection. Out of their efforts grew what is now the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. A gifted forester, Gifford Pinchot got the ear of Theodore Roosevelt, and Roosevelt made conservation part of the national vocabulary. As the movement got under way, there were new leaders and new thinkers, such as Dr. Hugh H. Bennett, aridologist and persuasive who alerted the people and Congress to the dangers of soil erosion.

Today, thanks to the efforts of the Fishers, Marshes, Bairds, Pinchots, Merriams and Bennetts, conservation has become a major public concern. *Origins* is a stimulating and informative guide that puts it all in perspective and gives the reader hope.

ROBERT H. BOYLE

A close-up, low-angle shot of the rear left side of a brown classic car. The focus is on the stainless steel wheel cover, which has a distinctive multi-spoke design and a small 'SS' emblem in the center. The car's body is a rich brown color with a chrome trim line running along the fender. The background is a plain, light-colored surface.

Don't
forget
the
stainless steel
wheel covers,
Sport!



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Write for our free 52-page colour booklet. Department of Tourism & Information, Room 19, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

ONTARIO

Canada





Ugly is only skin-deep.

It may not all much like you at first. But beneath that humble exterior beats an air-cooled engine. It won't bail over and ruin your piston rings. It won't freeze over and ruin your life. It's in the back of the car for better traction in snow and sand. And it will give you about 29 miles to a gallon of gas.

After a while you get to like so much

about the VW, you mean, like the way it looks like.

You find that there's enough legroom for almost anybody's legs. Enough headroom for almost anybody's head. With a hat on it. Snug-fitting bucket seats. Doors that close so well you can hardly close them. (They're so airtight, it's better to open the window a crack first.)

Those proud, independent wheels are each suspended independently. So when a bump makes one wheel bounce, the bounce doesn't make the other wheel bump. It's things like that you pay the \$1585* for, when you buy a VW. The ugliness doesn't add a thing to the cost of the car. That's the beauty of it.



If you have forced-air heat, you own half a G-E Central Air Conditioning system already.



Take the case of Mr. William Daniels of Bay Village, Ohio, who says: "It took less than a day to have G-E Central Air Conditioning installed in our home."

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Every part is *matched* to work perfectly with the rest. This means maximum efficiency, dependable performance and quiet operation.

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"1916 Stutz Bearcat," Long Island Auto Museum, Southampton, L.I.

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"Firebird IV," experimental car by General Motors Corporation



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How to swing your way to Scotland

Just shoot a hole-in-one—then enter (and win) the Rusty Nail* Sweepstakes—and you're off for the Highlands

What is the Rusty Nail Sweepstakes? Simply stated, it's a sweepstakes for golfers. Sponsored by the Rusty Nail, a delectable and intriguing drink made by mixing Drambuie and Old Smuggler Scotch.

Opportunity unlimited. Now, about the hole-in-one. Previous experience and skill count for nothing. Just step up to the tee (during a regular round on a qualified regulation course located in the U.S., Bermuda, or the Caribbean Islands) and belt one out.

You may hit a lucky ace in spite of yourself. A nine-year-old did. So did a 72-year-old grandmother. In fact, over 11,000 golfers did in 1965, according to official figures.

Get into the running. Take your score card and dumb-founded witnesses to the "pro" at the course where you scored your hole-in-one and have him fill out a Rusty Nail Sweepstakes entry card for you. Sign it and have the "pro" countersign and mail it. Don't forget, the contest opened January 1, 1966, so if you've already scored an ace this year,

get your entry blank in right away.

Then have a round of Rusty Nails to celebrate, and start waiting impatiently.

Pay-off. The Sweepstakes blindfold drawing takes place within thirty days of the close of contest, midnight December 31, 1966. If your name is drawn, you'll be notified by mail that you have won a round-trip airline ticket for two to Scotland plus \$1,000 pocket money. Incidentally, the "pro" who entered your name will win \$1,000, too.

Then have another round of Rusty Nails. That's all there is to it.

Ask your professional for full details. He has Official Rusty Nail Hole-in-One Sweepstakes Rules and entry blanks. Or have him write: Rusty Nail Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 21D, Mount Vernon, New York 10559.

The Rusty Nail Sweepstakes is subject to Federal, State and local regulations.

***THE RUSTY NAIL.** The delicious and distinctive Rusty Nail is made by mixing Drambuie, the cordial with the Scotch whisky base, and Old Smuggler, the unbelievably good Scotch Drambuie, made from the secret recipe of Bonnie Prince Charlie, has a subtle flavor that hints of rare herbs and spices and fine Highland whiskies. Old Smuggler, uniquely light and dry, has been the favorite of discriminating Scotch drinkers for more than 125 years. Combined, they give you an unusual drink that is perfect for every occasion.



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Du Pont LUCITE® House Paint will last and last. You'll paint less often, have extra free time to enjoy life.

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The man who knows how to take care of himself
uses Vaseline® Hair Tonic.



CLEAN AND CLEAR

Bob Hope, co-starring with Elke Sommer and Phyllis Diller in the Edward Small Production, "Boy, did I get a wrong number" carries American Tourister Luggage on his world-wide journeys. Says Bob: "Boy, did I get a right number with American Tourister!"



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We make 3 do the work of 4



We built a better engine with a better idea. We took the power of a 4-cylinder tractor engine and compressed it neatly into 3.

The result: a tougher, more compact engine with fewer but stronger working parts. For example, the crankshaft is 6" shorter but 37 lbs. heavier. That extra heft and metal means greater lugging power, longer life.

Other advantages of this new 3-cylinder design are a smoother engine, a more efficient engine and one that saves money on fuel.

The 3-cylinder tractor engine is typical of Ford thinking—the kind of thinking that produces fresh, new, unusual ideas. A station wagon tailgate that is both a door and a tailgate. A two-way ignition key—it's always right side up.

And through our Philco subsidiary, we've even created an electronic teaching aid that helps students—from grade school to graduate school—learn faster.

Today, Ford means more than cars . . . it means exciting new ideas.

SCORECARD

BATTER UP AND DOWN

The brush-back is as legitimate a pitch as a sinker, and a lot easier to throw. Its purpose is not to maim the batter but to keep him restless, so he will not be able to dig in and knock the bejezus out of the ball. A knockdown pitch, on the other hand, is one thrown with malice aforethought at the batter; if he doesn't take violent evasive action he gets hit.

Although pitchers have been throwing at batters since the days of Wee Willie Keeler, historical precedent doesn't make it any more right or make it feel better if you should happen to wake up in the hospital. Knockdown pitches have no place in baseball, which is in no way a contact sport, its beauty and drama are not enhanced by the sight of a man writhing on the ground.

If a batter hits a home run, why should the pitcher be allowed to justify his ineptness by knocking him down? Or, conversely, why should the batter be penalized for his skill or luck by having to test his reflexes against a speeding baseball? Take Rick Reichardt, the Angels' rookie. He has hit 12 homers and, in appreciation, has been hit nine times.

A doubleheader between the Phillies and the Mets last week was beautiful: Richie Allen of the Phils hit a homer, Dick Selma of the Mets hit Allen, Bob Buhl of the Phillies hit Selma and Jack Fisher of the Mets hit Buhl. Great games.

Once upon a time, pitchers proudly claimed that the pitch got away from them, but in our permissive era they confess and rationalize, and nobody in the commissioner's office says a discouraging word.

The asowals go like this:

"I didn't start it." No 7-year-old uttered this little gem, but 43-year-old Wes Westrum, manager of the Mets. "You got to protect your ballplayers," he went on. "I believe in an eye for an eye. A thing like that could mean Selma's career."

"I didn't throw to hit Selma," said Buhl. "I just wanted to brush him back. If I don't throw close to him, do you

think my team's going to respect me? I just hope he isn't hurt bad."

"I don't enjoy doing it," said Fisher. "But I think the point has to be made. It's all part of the game."

No, it isn't. According to the rules of baseball, umpires are supposed to warn a pitcher if he throws at a batter, which results in an automatic \$50 fine. As best as can be determined, Plate Umpire Billy Williams didn't even raise his voice to Selma, Buhl and Fisher.

Before someone gets badly hurt, everybody should grow up. The fine should be increased. Fifty dollars isn't enough of a deterrent, particularly when the odds are it won't be assessed. The umpires should be instructed to enforce the rule. Over to you, Commissioner Eickert.

CROWDEMANSHIP

In England it seems that it is not whether you win or lose, but how you watch the game. The London *Daily Mail* rates the behavior of soccer crowds, and we are pleased to report that this year the Liverpool spectators "led the field for sportsmanship and good behavior," with 79.52 points out of a possible 100.

"We are very fond of our crowd," Team Secretary Peter Robinson said. "They are noisy, vociferous, well behaved and very sporting." As it so happens, Liverpool is the English champion, a fact that might well contribute to the jolly good nature of its fans.

CATFISH IN AND OUT

Catfish are so far In they're generally out of them: at this very moment, only 23% of the national demand can be met, and Governor John J. McKeithen of Louisiana, where most of the cats come from, has predicted that within two years they will be the state's top crop.

But before you all run out to dig a hole in the backyard to start raising a mess of itty bitty catfish, listen here: 100 acres and \$100,000 are recommended for founding a catfish ranch. Pure well water is also desirable, because streams and river

water is liable to be so polluted that an entire batch of fish can be wiped out. Spawning fish need lots of tender loving care, too. Pairs of breeding catfish are placed in cages containing 52-gallon drums with holes cut in the tops. The male catfish will drive the female into the drums and do his part, but then someone must check daily for the spawn, and remove the eggs to a shed where rotary blades can keep the water free of debris until they hatch.

It takes a fish 10 months to reach eating size, but its entire feed bill runs to only about 6½¢, so there's nothing to it once you raise \$100,000.

UNDERDOGS

Juan Marichal and Sandy Koufax each won 10 games before the season was a third over, but Jimmie (The Greek) Snyder, dean of the Las Vegas oddsmakers, is unimpressed. He has quoted odds of 3 to 1 against either becoming the first major league pitcher to win 30 games since Dizzy Dean did it in 1934.

ROCK-A-BYE

At most parks, a rock collector is about as welcome as Jackie Robinson at a Ku Klux Klan rally. With good reason.



Without rules against picking up samples, the Grand Canyon would be walled and the Carlsbad Caverns deepened in nothing flat.

But here comes a park which will be gnosis for collectors. This month New Mexico opens Rock Hound State Park on 240 rock-strewn acres near Deming.

"We believe this is the first state park in the nation where visitors are encour-

continued

PLYMOUTH TAKES YEAR'S TOUGHEST STOCK CAR RACE!



Marvin Panch and relief driver Richard Petty, winners at Charlotte in the World "600".

The Hemi Plymouth proves its durability again, taking 1st and 2nd at Charlotte in the World "600", NASCAR's longest race.



Driving at top racing speeds for 600 long, hot miles is a tough test of a car. That's what makes the World "600" the most grueling stock car race on the NASCAR calendar. This year only 10 of the 44 starters finished! And the Hemi-powered Plymouths proved more than equal to the test with Marvin Panch and relief driver Richard Petty driving to first place and G. C. Spencer taking second.

For more proof of durability, check the NASCAR record. There's Richard Petty's victory in the Daytona "500" and in Darlington's Rebel "400", Paul Goldsmith's win in the Rockingham "500", Jim Hurtubise's victory in the Atlanta "500" and Norm Nelson's first in USAC's Yankee "300" at Indianapolis. Different drivers, different race tracks. But almost every major stock car race this year has gone to Hemi-powered Plymouths. That's reliability!

Of course you can't buy these race cars at your Plymouth Dealer's. They're specially modified just for stock car racing. But the same engineering know-how that gives the racing Hemi such a record of performance and reliability goes into every Plymouth you can buy at your dealer's. Test drive one of them... Belvedere, Fury, Valiant or Barracuda... you'll see why Plymouth is such a winner. A buy you can count on wherever you drive.

***Plymouth* ...a great car by Chrysler Corporation.**

PLYMOUTH DIVISION



CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

aged to collect specimens," says John Elliott, director of the New Mexico Park and Recreation Commission.

So, anything goes, and probably everything will.

VITA LONGA, ARCHITECTURA BREVIS

Every morning before breakfast, Professor William Ira Ferguson of Missouri Valley College of Marshall, Mo., jogs a quarter of a mile and does 15 push-ups, so it's a dead cert he is sound enough of wind to blow out all the candles at his birthday party this week. That is, if there is a cake. The professor doesn't want to make a big fuss just because he will be 91.

Five days before his birthday, Professor Ferguson retired and Missouri Valley is naming a dormitory in his honor. The college already named the student union for him, but it is falling apart and has been condemned.

THE BIG TIME

When Paul Dietzel became athletic director and football coach at South Carolina last April, the school and the alumni knew that Paul would be leading them into the promised land of big-time football. Now they've found out they will have to pay first-class fare to get there.

In a letter which was sent to members of the Gamecock and Century clubs, the existing alumni associations whose tax-deductible contributions help defray the costs of athletic scholarships, Dietzel wrote: "We must now raise both our sights and our goals and revise the dues structure. . . ." What Paul has wrought is to devise five (5) alumni clubs, as follows, with their respective annual dues: The Gamecock Club, \$25; The Century Club, \$100; The Roundhouse Club, \$250; Coach's Club, \$500; Paul's Club, \$1,000 (or more).

Those who join the Gamecock Club get, for their \$25, "the all-important" priority for buying football tickets, "two beautiful Gamecock decals," a membership card, periodic newsletters and a book about Carolina football, in addition to receiving "a great self-satisfaction from helping the institution that you greatly love and admire."

For \$100 you get the above plus the right to park in the reserved parking area at Carolina Stadium. For \$250 you get all the above plus a personally reserved parking space, a twice-monthly, personal "how-goes-it" letter from Paul,

and an engraved Gamecock '66 pin for your lapel.

For \$500 and up you get *all* this *plus* a parking space with your name on it, which "will be very close to the stadium doors," *plus* a personal weekly "how-goes-it" letter from Paul. In addition, your "silver Gamecock pin will be to your liking, I am sure," and "we will plan a private 'get-acquainted' dinner before the season."

Unaccountably, Paul fails to describe the benefits accruing to members of Paul's Club. We can't think of anything else, except maybe before the game Paul will personally park your car.

ME AND MY SHADOW

University of Illinois at Chicago Circle was playing George Williams College the other day, and the sun was shining brightly. So brightly, in fact, that the shadow of the George Williams catcher was cast in faithful detail below and behind him, including the signs—one finger for a curve, two fingers for a fast ball—which the UICC team took note of in the very first inning. Final score: UICC 15, George Williams 0.

AMATEUR NIGHT

The not-so-secret dream of every big-game hunter is to shoot a trophy animal with antlers, horns or skull big enough to make the *Records of North American Big Game* compiled by the Boone and Crockett Club.

At the club's biennial awards dinner, which was held recently in Pittsburgh's Carnegie Museum, six new world-record trophies were on display: whitetail deer, Columbian blacktail deer, cougar, jaguar, black bear and bighorn sheep.

The bighorn is one of the most prized heads on the continent. The old record had been shot in 1924, and few believed it would ever be bettered, though many had spent a great deal of time and money trying. Thus it was with heavy hearts that the dinner guests heard the particulars of the brand-new record. It seems the head had been hanging in Clarence Baird's ranch house in Twin Butte, Alberta until a local taxidermist convinced him to enter it in a competition held by the Willow Valley Trophy Club of Lundbreck, Alberta. The ram had been shot with a .30-30 Winchester carbine, six miles from the ranch, by Baird's partner, the late Fred Weiler, in 1911.

But the trophy that was the envy of

continued



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SCORECARD *continued*

the nation's millions of deer hunters was a 13-point whitetail buck, the second best ever recorded. The deer was shot by Melvin Johnson, a 32-year-old tractor assembler from Peoria, Ill. Melvin did not travel thousands of miles, spend thousands of dollars or employ a guide to get it. In fact, he did not even use a spotting scope or a rifle. Melvin bagged that beauty with a bow and arrow at 10 paces in a soybean field 17 miles from the heart of downtown Peoria.

DIAL 5 FOR SUCKER

Act 1

It is the second inning of a game between the Athletics and the Orioles at Kansas City. The A's bullpen phone rings, and Coach Bobby Hofman answers it. "Warm up, Krause," a voice barks. Relief Pitcher Lew Krause gets up and starts throwing. Moments later the telephone rings again. "O.K., tell Krause to sit down," says the same voice. Krause sits down. Funny, A's Manager Alvin Dark doesn't recollect making those calls. Aha! The intercom setup in Municipal Stadium is such that you can call one bullpen from the other—if you know the number. Moe Drabowsky, now with Baltimore, pitched for the A's last year. He knows the number.

Act 2

It is a couple of days later in the A's bullpen. The phone rings. Hofman answers it. "This is Charlie Finley [the A's owner]," the caller says. "I just got in town, and I read in the paper about the call you got the other night. I'd like to hear your version of the episode."

"Well, sir," Hofman replies, "although we didn't know it at the time, sir, it was Moe Drabowsky who called...."

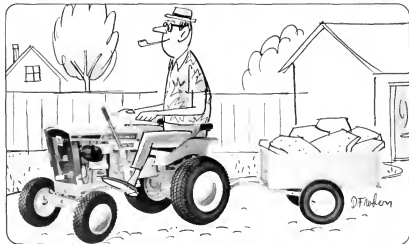
For several minutes Hofman obediently explains what happened before.... Aha! Drabowsky strikes again.

Curtain

THEY SAID IT

• George Halas, Chicago Bears owner-coach, who is 71, on the rule restricting coaches from pacing beyond the 35-yard lines during games: "Any coach over 60 should be given the privilege of wandering another 10 or 15 yards."

• Joe Horlen, White Sox pitcher, asked what he threw to Boston's Tony Conigliaro, who hit a home run to beat Chicago 1-0: "It was a baseball." **END**



You'd never guess this foursome tees off in one hour!

Bill still has a full acre to mow. Jack has to smooth out his gravel drive. Clyde promised his wife he would roll the lawn. And good ole Sam, the par shooter, still has to haul enough stone for his whole patio. But don't worry, they'll make it in time.

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*Results: 175cc class, 20-lap (32-mile) road race Daytona Beach, Florida, March 16, 1966:

1st—Bridgestone 175 ridden by Dwaine Williams, South Miami Heights, Fla. 2nd—Montesa, 3rd—Suzuki, 4th—Honda.

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price(prīs) *n.*

—*n.* **1.** sum or amount of money or its equivalent for which anything is bought, sold or offered for sale. **2.** value: worth



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Sports Illustrated

JUNE 13, 1966

THE SECOND FASTEST



EVER

A 19-year-old Kansas freshman, Jim Ryun, gave U.S. track fans their biggest thrill of 1966 when he came within two-tenths of a second of breaking Michel Jazy's 3:53.6 world mile record

by GWILYM S. BROWN

At the end and markedly relaxed at the finish, Ryun flows through the tape a good 30 yards ahead of his nearest competitor, Oregon's Jim Grele.



CONTINUED

"I COULD HAVE RUN THE RACE A GOOD DEAL FASTER"

Setting up world-record attempts in the mile run is like handling butterflies. The slightest miscalculation, one clumsy move, and oops! Maybe a busted butterfly, but no hustled record. And so it seemed at last week's Compton Invitational Track Meet in the Los Angeles Coliseum, where a carefully prepared attempt at Michel Jazy's mile mark of 3:53.6 was foundering on a soft track and a slow early pace. Yet here came 19-year-old Jim Ryun, his hot-pink shorts and his pale-blue jersey glowing in the lights, his long legs reaching out as he hurtled like a sprinter through the final 220 yards. The timers' watches tacked on—3:53.4, 3:53.5, 3:53.6, 3:53.7—and then Ryun was through the tape. Not a world record, but easily a new American one: not a world record but the second fastest mile ever run, not a world record, but the bright promise of a series of them to come.

Ryun was both amazed and chagrined when he heard the winning time. "I thought I'd done about 3:56," he said. "I felt so strong at the end. That really ticks me off. If I'd missed by half a second, well, that might have been all right. But to come so close and not even know I was doing it."

All week Jim Ryun had known what he was going to try to do. His coach at the University of Kansas, Bob Timmons, had called ahead from Lawrence to announce to meet officials that he felt Jim was ready for a shot at the world record. What Timmons and Ryun needed was someone to carry the field to a three-quarter time of 2:56.

"It's not so much that I need the psychological lift of being able to float along behind somebody," Ryun explained on the eve of the race. "It's just that I don't have too good a sense of pace. I'm liable to blast out the first quarter in 54 seconds and not have much left for the rest of the race. I did that indoors in New York one night. I had to work hard in the last quarter."

Well, runners who can belt out 2:56 times for the three-quarter mile are not exactly a dime a dozen, but meet officials thought they had a couple who would try. One of them was a long-tressed Englishman from Birmingham, 25-year-old Neil Duggan, a freshman at

Allan Hancock College in Santa Maria, Calif. The other was the experienced George Young, who is a member, with Ryun, of the Church of Christ; although primarily a steeplechaser, he was willing to oblige. George, however, grew testy about his assignment when word got out that that was all he was to do.

"I don't like people to think that I'm just out there to set a fast early pace," he said as he loosened up with a jog around Lafayette Park across from his hotel the morning of the race. "But I can set a fast enough one to give somebody a world record. That's all that anyone wants from me, anyway. No one cares what I do after that."

Young downgraded himself more than he needed to. The people producing the Compton Invitational were used to extraordinary performances, and historically they have appreciated help from bit players who added to the luster of their meet, where 25 sub-four-minute miles had been run in 11 years. One bit player in 1964 was 17-year-old Jim Ryun. He finished eighth in a race in which Oregon's bony Daryl Burleson outkicked Chicago's red-haired Tom O'Hara to win in 3:57.4. Ryun, only a junior at Wichita's East High School, clocked 3:59 and became the first high-school runner to get under four minutes.

Until Ryun began to make his mark in Compton's history books it was a Kansas of another era. Wes Santee, who had been the meet's most stimulating performer. Santee was the kind of man that Californians can readily understand. He was proud and sure of himself. He spoke freely of world records and sub-four-minute miles—and he almost produced. Santee ran at Compton for the first time in 1953, vowing to return to the U.S. the world mile record that another Kansan, Glenn Cunningham, had held until 1937. Whipping through the final half in 1:57.2, the tall, slender University of Kansas junior set a U.S. mile record of 4:02.4, but missed by a second the world record held by Sweden's Gunder Hagg.

The Compton Mile in 1954 was pure Santee: bittersweet and thoroughly frustrating. For months Wes had been struggling to become the first sub-four-minute miler in track history, but only a couple

of weeks earlier he had been nipped out of his place in history by England's Roger Bannister. Santee was in cracker-jack condition and primed to follow Bannister's example, if no longer able to set one himself. He needed no pace-maker. But a fast Swede, Ingvar Ericsson, was on hand to be sure that things moved briskly. They did.

Santee brought the crowd to its feet with a three-quarter time of 2:59. He swept past watches posted at the 1,500-meter mark in a world-record time of 3:42.8 and headed for the mile record 120 yards away like a fast sloop sliding downwind. Then something happened to the wind. Possibly it was the fact that a nasty little breeze was blowing into his face on the backstretch, or possibly it was simply the pain of maximum effort. All at once Santee looked more like a covered wagon than a racing sloop. It took him 17.8 seconds to negotiate the final 120 yards, and when Santee reached the finish line his legs were so tied in knots that he virtually was in a sitting position. That was as close as Kansas' last renowned miler before Ryun came to the mile record at Compton.

Part of Compton's early success was due to its dowdy high-school stadium, where the meet was held until it moved to the Coliseum in 1965. The red-clay track was one of the fastest in the country, and, though the stands held only 7,000 people, they were close to the track and created the same kind of exciting intimacy that runners encounter indoors. Eventually the spectators got so close to the field that they began to spill over it. Thus, plus the fact that the overflow still was not great enough to support a meet of Compton's proportions, convinced the sponsors that they should move to the 95,000-seat Coliseum.

Unfortunately, they may have made their move too late. In 1965 only 12,160 sat in on a chilly night, and last week a disappointing 10,071 were on hand. Track is not the attention-grabber it used to be in southern California.

"The professional sports are killing us," explained one sponsor. "There's so much emphasis on the big pro teams, the Dodgers, the Angels, the Rams, the Lakers, now pro hockey, that track seems to get lost."

"Track's a hard sell out here these days," says Al Franken, who does publicity for several track meets and sports events in California. "But a kid like Ryun in the mile could help it bounce back on the West Coast."

If ever there was an athlete who could make a sport popular, it is Ryun. Tall and clean-cut, sensitive and self-effacing, he is even now becoming a figure against which parents subconsciously measure their own offspring. But underneath his serene exterior there is a tough heart that makes for brilliant competition. Long before he had a right to expect such results, Ryun was digging into his deep reservoir of determination and beating runners he should have been too timorous to shake hands with. Except for his seminal race in the Tokyo Olympics, when he was 17, Ryun has never run a bad race. He has improved each year, and there are now many who believe that he will hold every record from the half-mile through two miles, and perhaps over longer distances if he cares to try.

Ryun, briefly, is the finest middle-distance runner ever developed in this country. A few more races like the one he ran Saturday night, and promoters will be turning fans away by the thousands. In the race also was Jim Grelle, the 29-year-old miler from Portland, Ore. who had followed Ryun so closely in the Coliseum relays three weeks earlier when Ryun broke the American citizen's two-mile record. In his days as a club-mate of Jim Beatty, Grelle had been involved in several carefully staged races to produce U.S. or world records, and he was not particularly excited about this one. Where he was something of a sacrificial rabbit in those races, he was regarded as real competition at the Coliseum. He felt, in fact, that he also was capable of breaking Jazy's mark if everything worked out just so.

"I'd like to see the world record come back to the U.S.," he said the morning of the race, "but you know everything has to be just right and that doesn't happen too often."

On this particular occasion, the inside lane of the Coliseum's red, crushed-brick track was chopped up from a heavy program of earlier races. Besides, the man everybody was counting on to set a fast first quarter, Duggan, was feeling peaked from a hard week of late nights and long banquets. "I was pretty bushed," he

said. "I wanted to do a 58 first quarter, but I never could get going."

He led the nine starters through the 440 in a luggard 59.7 and then Young, with Ryun sticking close behind, rushed to the front. Young was in front, too, at the half-mile in 1:58.4, and then with 660 yards to go he moved out into the second lane to let Ryun go by.

"I felt kind of tight during the first quarter," said Ryun later, "and I still felt tight during the second quarter. But when George moved over to let me by, I suddenly felt very good."

The runners could not quite hear the lap times that were shouted to them as they came by each time around, and the three-quarter clocking of 2:58.5 was disappointingly slow. Ryun, with Grelle lagging behind him, sprinted wildly through

the backstretch. With 220 yards to go, he seemed to explode into another, smoother gear. He covered the distance to the finish in 26.4 and looked as though he could have kept right on flying at that startling pace. Had he started his last great kick just 20 or 30 yards sooner or had the earlier pace been just a bit brisker...

But these are not the things that concern Ryun after an all-out effort. Usually he is in a state of nauseated collapse for 30 minutes and is too weak to think or say anything. Saturday, though, he was relaxed as he strolled through the infield after learning his time. "I feel great," he said. "It kind of gives me the idea I could have run the race a good deal faster." Quiet Jim Ryun has never said anything like that before.

END

Ryun, who shortly may become the world's best-known runner, is introduced to sparse crowd



A RECKLESS DASH TO DISASTER

A review of Indy's first-lap smashups and some extraordinary color photographs reveal that a few drivers who took alarming risks jockeying for position were responsible for piling up half the field **by BOB OTTUM**

The safest part of the Indianapolis 500-mile race is the moment when the band plays *Back Home Again in Indiana*. After that, when 33 cars try to make it around the first lap, it gets a lot less folksy. And this week, back home in the world's most expensive junkyard, there were growing indications that the old routine would never be the same again.

As always, the race had begun with 33 cars arranged in 11 rows of three each. But while cars at the back of the lineup were still getting the green starting flag, most of the others were spinning out of control. Drivers began whomping each other on the main straightaway, and the sky was falling with tires, suspension parts and pieces of engines. A scrap of automotive shrapnel arched at Driver Cale Yarborough and sliced through his crash helmet like an ax. If it had fallen slightly lower, it would have killed him. A few feet away a runaway tire bounced off the helmet of Arne Knepper, and he thought—understandably—that a car had landed on his head.

When the panic settled, the crowd looked down on 11 cars lying helpless with backs and bellies broken and five others that would have to go to the pits for minor repairs. None of the drivers was killed. This was not a miracle, as was emotionally suggested at the time, but a tribute to modern chassis, which wrap around drivers like tubular envelopes. But debris winging into the crowd had injured five spectators who were not as well protected.

The disaster seemed all too familiar to Indy. Two of the last three races have

gone bad at the start. Two years ago, a first-lap crash killed two drivers and demolished seven cars. In 1955 Driver Pat O'Connor was killed. Fifteen cars were involved on that ominous first lap, and eight could not continue.

The fiasco at this year's Indy was followed by impassioned argument over which driver had done what to whom. Several movies made on Memorial Day have since settled the question. They clearly show that a number of drivers, contrary to explicit instruction and common sense, were trying to win a 500-mile race in the first 500 yards.

The United States Auto Club's spokesman, Jim Smith, reconstructed the accident this way: Pole man Mario Andretti brought the field down toward the starting line at about 110 miles an hour. "I think I crossed the line at about 125," Andretti says, "and I was still in low gear. I have a gearbox that will take me up to 135 before I pop it into high."

Behind Andretti, Drivers Billy Foster (fourth row) and Johnny Boyd (fifth row) both swung to the inside as the field roared up to the line. Driver Gordon Johncock (second row) lagged badly at the start and was passed by four others: Jim McElreath and Chuck Hulse, from the third row, plus Jackie Stewart and Jerry Grant from the fourth row. As they crowded the starting line, Foster appeared to be half a car length ahead of Johncock and Boyd, running between them. Hulse was riding directly in front of Foster, roughly in the center of the track.

As Hulse cleared Johncock, he moved toward the outside, seeking more running room, thus leaving a hole up the

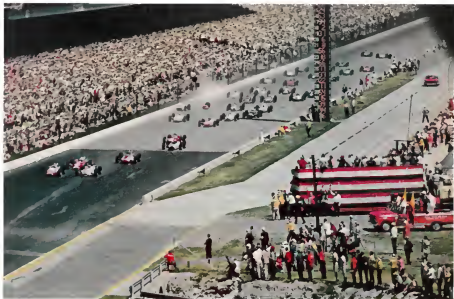
middle. Both Foster and Boyd went for it, Boyd veering in sharply to his right to get into the spot. Foster apparently reacted instinctively. He swung hard to the right to avoid Boyd, cutting in front of Johncock and slamming into the outside wall. The impact sheared the nose cone and two wheels from Foster's car.

As Foster churned along the wall, it appeared for an instant that the field—now accelerating fast—would make it through. But then Mel Kenyon (sixth row) began a deadly inside spin as he swerved to miss the nose cone. The spin threw him into the path of Don Branson (third row), who had started directly behind the slow-moving Johncock. Branson tried to swing inside and ran underneath Gary Congdon (sixth row). Thus, with Foster coming back off the wall on the outside, with Kenyon spinning down the center and Branson and Congdon piled up on the inside, the track was effectively blocked. The other drivers came pouring in on them.

"Keep in mind," said one of the survivors, "that the accident was getting ready to happen long before the cars crashed. Jockeying around before the race starts is illegal, remember?"

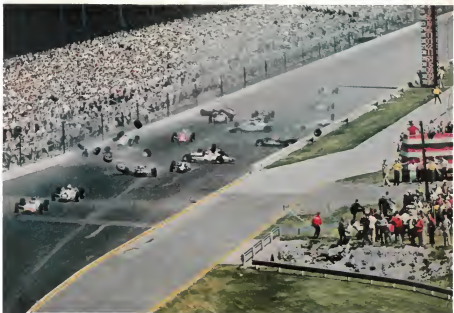
Standing in his garage after the pile-up, wearing a warmup jacket over his oil slick, Billy Foster said, "There was an opening I don't know who it was, but whoever was on my left moved up, and I had to swing out to avoid hitting him. That's when someone bumped me in the right rear and I spun into the wall." Had he hit Johncock in the process? Foster shrugged. "I don't know. I hit him. He hit me. What's the difference?"

continued



The trouble begins (above) as Billy Foster, charging hard and crowded by others, hits wall, trailing smoke and flipping wheels.

Seconds later cars spin ominously, but ultimate winner Graham Hill (far left) gets through. Behind him accidents multiply (next page).





Smoke spews from Cale Yarborough's engine in right foreground. Dan Gurney skids on two wheels as ten drivers head toward it.

Drivers flee from disabled cars—A. J. Foyt scrambling up force at left—as Carl Williams (bettered car) and others snake past.



With 11 cars out for good and five others in the pits for repairs, only 17 cars were lined up to restart, this time in cautious single file. After five slow laps—to show everyone that cars could get around the Indy course—the green flag came down again. In the next instant Boyd careened into the wall, skidding on a trail of oil dropped by another car, and two more wheels burst off. This time the field did not stop—it never stops if there is room to pick a path through—but rolled along slowly under yellow caution lights for 10 more laps. On the 22nd lap, Drivers George Snider and Chuck Hulse sideswiped; on lap 162 Al Unser, within striking distance of the leaders, skidded out of control coming around the final turn and bashed into the wall, spilling one more wheel, and walking away uninjured. Meanwhile, mechanical troubles spotted throughout the race took out 11 others.

Through all this came a fine touch of motorized irony. First, the smashup snuffed out some potential race winners, leaving the field relatively clear for cars which would not otherwise have had much chance. Then the slow restart took its toll among the hot cars left. The methanol fuel mixture burns best in a high-winding engine, tends to turn soupy at sustained slow speeds. Pole man Andretti, whose car was fastest, said, "When I finally got to step on it, it was like stepping into a tub of Jell-O." As a result, his car later retired with a dropped valve.

In addition, there was a certain confusion for 99 laps—almost half the race—over the exact positions of several of the leading survivors. And when the race ended, three hours and 28 minutes after the restart, only seven cars were left running. Not running well, just running. It was the all-time low for a 500.

When England's Graham Hill, a 9-to-1 entry on the Memorial Day line, finally took the checkered flag, it was clear that he had not so much won the race as inherited it, driving steadily at an average speed of 144.317 miles an hour and leading the last nine laps after half a dozen swifter cars had dropped out of the running.

One who might have beaten him even in the late stages—Scotland's Jimmy Clark—had been rolling along under considerably less than full steam, not taking chances on the oil-slippery track, because he figured he was ahead of Hill.

The mistake—not Clark's—conceivably cost him \$79,305, the difference between first- and second-place money.

Next day the official speedway tapes showed that Hill had moved up during one of Clark's pit stops, a maneuver many people missed. Hill received \$156,297 for a drive he admitted—even insisted—was not brilliant. "One finds it hard to concentrate on what one is doing," he said, "when one is simply going around and around out there."

Now that Indy's 1966 debris has been carted away, there is a cry for change in the way the 500 operates—and with reason. It is apparent that the race has rolled through a period of sharp change in which technology has outrun temperament. Championship cars have evolved into sophisticated machines that are surprisingly delicate, for all their speed. The result is that there now are more fancy cars than there are competent drivers.

The cars also are substantially more expensive than they used to be—adding to the driver's burden of responsibility. The average Indianapolis car represents an investment of more than \$125,000. This starts with a chassis that costs \$15,000 to \$25,000. It includes a basic engine that costs about \$23,000—and each engine is outfitted with some \$7,000 worth of personal refinements. Each car must have a spare \$30,000 engine sitting ready in the garage; drivers coaxing the cars to top speed have a tendency to blow them apart. Jackie Stewart, warming up for the 500 qualifications, blew \$90,000 worth of engines before he got the system figured out. "I must be the most expensive damn driver in history," he said. To these hard figures must be added the cost of mechanics and expenses for the lengthy Indy preliminaries.

But tradition dies hard at the Speedway. The image of American racing was forged at Indy, and it is still The Great Race—a magnet for Grand Prix, sports car and dirt track drivers from all parts of the world.

The Speedway course is 50 feet wide and, except for the smooth asphalt pavement over the old brick track, is about the same as it was in 1911 when Ray Harroun ran 200 laps in a Marmon Wasp at 74.59 mph and picked up all the money. It is still a reasonably adequate track for the 500—providing the race can be started.

The sharpest criticism of last week's ghastly start came from two of the most

experienced drivers. They had an excellent view; they were in the middle of it. Driver Dan Gurney, builder of the American Eagles (51, April 11), who moves in the separate worlds of Indy and Grand Prix racing, was one. Houston's A. J. Foyt, twice the Indianapolis 500 winner and perhaps the best driver on the track, was the other—and he was going to stay shouting mad for a long time. While the crash still boiled on, now and then zinging a crippled racer past the place where his own car lay crushed against the wall, Foyt had climbed out, taken a quick look around and scurried over the fence and into the stands. The accident had not injured him, but climbing the fence he banged up both knees, and the next day they were badly swollen.

"I ain't never, I ain't never, ever going to run in one of these races again," said Foyt. "Unless I can start from up there in front. You got to be free to drive clean away from those crazy sons of bitches. This is supposed to be a 500-mile race. This first lap ain't no old drag strip, you know."

(Five days after the 500, practicing for the Milwaukee 100, Foyt crashed in Jim Clark's second-place 500 finisher—a Lotus-Ford, which he had just bought from the Scot—and was seriously burned.)

Gurney said, "Those clowns. Ridiculous. I was hit four times in there. Four times. Wouldn't you think that a bunch of grown men, all supposedly experienced race drivers, could drive together down a simple stretch of straight road?"

Is Indy's road too narrow? Most drivers think not, and the fact that they get around the Speedway in good order once the race is started indicates they are right. In any case the Speedway could be widened only about 10 feet.

Reform is most likely to come in an alteration of the three-by-three start, although Chief Steward Harlan Fongler defends the old system. "We have had more good starts than bad starts," he says. That is correct historically—and absurd in the context of the last three years. Tony Hulman, the Speedway president, insists that anything necessary will be done to get the drivers off to a safer start. A standing start as used on many European racing circuits probably will not be adopted because of the large field and the relatively short, cramped course, where a stalled car would become a hurdle for those coming up behind. A run-and-jump Le Mans takeoff, requiring

continued on page 94

'COWEYE' COULD NOT BEAT THE

Racetracks do not gush over people they do not know, so sophisticated New Yorkers, long accustomed to seeing the Belmont won by a member of the tightly knit Establishment of Jockey Club members, surprised one another all last week and on Belmont Day with their partisan sentiments. Almost to a man and woman, they were rooting for Mike Ford's Kauai King, winner of the Kentucky Derby and Preakness, to complete the ninth Triple Crown sweep by capturing the most demanding 3-year-old race that the U.S. offers. A consensus would read this way: "Everything we've heard about the Fords from Omaha, their trainer and their jockey, and Kauai King sounds almost too good to be

true. This is such nice people that it would really be wonderful if Kauai King won the Belmont."

There were few dissenters from this view. All week long the New York sports pages overflowed with interviews and pictures of Mike Ford, "that nice, handsome young millionaire from Omaha" and his gifted son of Native Dancer himself a winner of the Belmont 13 years ago for popular (but anti-establishment) Jockey Club member Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt. No horseman in years had been so cooperative as Ford, both with the press and with Kauai King's fans. Ford was acting as his own avocant, trainer to Henry Forrest and loving every hectic minute of it.

Newsmen came from all over, including Hawaii. Buck Backwash, managing editor of the *Honolulu Advertiser*, who was covering his first horse race anywhere, turned up in a blazer conspicuously labeled with his paper's name, and with a pocketful of mimeographed material aimed at proving to the illiterates on the mainland that Kauai—once and for all—should be pronounced Coweye.

An hour before Kauai King took the track to prove his claim to Thoroughbred immortality, Owner Ford was draped in a colorful lei presented by Mrs. Leilani Ellis, a pretty young thing representing the Hawaiian Visitors' Bureau. Ford smiled politely for the millionth time, then slumped wearily in his box.

Entering the home stretch with a quarter of a mile to go, Kauai King is still in the lead and Stupentous (No. 8) is beginning to fall back as



ESTABLISHMENT

Most New Yorkers were rooting for him, but Kauai King lost the Triple Crown when Amberoid won the Belmont Stakes by WHITNEY TOWER

"I'm as nervous as a cat," he groaned, wiping a river of sweat away from his brow with an already soaked handkerchief.

And then, on this 98th Belmont Stakes Day, the horse race took over. Despite the tidal wave of good wishes for Ford, Forrest and Jockey Don Brumfield—and despite the marvelous racing attributes of their horse, who went into the Belmont with eight wins in 10 starts this year—the overwhelming 3-to-5 favorite was soundly beaten. He led for much of all he was fourth, beaten nearly eight lengths by Reginald Webster's Amberoid Baffle, the King Ranch colt, trailed the winner by two and a half lengths and

was five lengths in front of Ada L. Rice's Advocate, who had a neck margin over Kauai King in this surprisingly large field of 11.

Amberoid, winner of only one of his seven previous races this year and only three races in 16 lifetime starts before the Belmont, went off as second choice at 5 to 1. It was not really astonishing that he won. One of the least surprised of all was Mike Ford himself. "I've been telling Lucien Laurin [who trains Amberoid for Webster] all along," said Ford later, "that this is the one horse we've been most scared of during these Triple Crown races." In the Kentucky Derby, Amberoid finished seventh, but he was only four lengths behind Kauai King,

and at the start of the Derby he went to his knees coming out of the gate, all but spilling Jockey Bill Boland. Two weeks later Amberoid was third in the Preakness. "In both of those races," said Trainer Laurin, "we were too far back in the early running, and unless you stay up closer to a colt like Kauai King you have no chance of picking him up in the stretch."

Before the Belmont little was said about one other asset that Laurin and Amberoid had on their side and that might also be a distinct handicap to the Derby and Preakness winner. Kauai King had never started at Aqueduct, whereas Amberoid's finest race occurred there in April, when he won the Wood

continued

Amberoid moves up on the outside after passing six horses, maintaining a steady pace that soon brought him victory by two and a half lengths.



Memorial. "No question about it," said Laurin, a Canadian-born ex-jockey. "Amberoid loves Aqueduct. This isn't a cuppy track, and he can take a real good hold of it. The extra distance will suit him perfectly—if he doesn't get too far behind at the start."

To most analysts, Belmont strategy promised to be simple. Cort Wright Wetherill's Highest Honors, who cannot be rated, would run out of the gate into the lead. The pace would be his for as far as his speed could carry him. Stupendous and Kansas King would never be too far back. The come-from-behinders, for a mile anyway, would be engaged

in a little race of their own to see which, if any, was capable of conserving anything resembling speed for the last quarter of a mile. And that, by and large, is what happened.

But Kansas King, although always a very willing runner, has manifested a fault or two. He can be very rank, particularly at the start of a race. This rankness showed in the Derby, but Brumfield was able to settle him down after he went by the stands the first time at Churchill Downs. His worst habit, however, says his jockey, "is trying to lug in. In the Florida Derby this colt really was lugging in. In fact, it was so bad that turning

in, though he actually brushed the inside fence."

That's how the King ran in the Belmont. He was never so rank as he was when the field got away. He usually runs with his tongue hanging out and his head sharply cocked, and this time his whole length was twisted nearly sideways. Brumfield was all but powerless to keep him under control. Highest Honors opened up four lengths as the field headed up the backstretch, but Kansas King and Stupendous were well within range, while Advocate was a comfortable fourth and Buffle well placed in sixth position. Amberoid, saving ground all the time, was ninth. "I wasn't really worried about any horse," a dejected Brumfield said afterwards, "except my own. He was trying to lug in all the way, and there wasn't anything I could do about it." When Highest Honors collapsed after a mile, Brumfield had Kansas King in front—which is where Brumfield did not want to be so early in a mile-and-a-half race. Seekers of excuses for Kansas King's loss in the Belmont will be quick to point out—that's the wonderful thing about hindsight—that the slow pace (the half in 46¹/₂ and six furlongs in 1:12¹/₂) set things up perfectly for a stretch-running colt like Amberoid. It also will be said that Brumfield, instead of fighting the King, should have turned him loose. But when your horse, and everyone else's, is going a mile and a half for the first time, that can be chalked off as a good, honest mistake.

At any rate, as Kansas King took the lead even before the field had reached the five-eighths pole, everyone felt that he was in front too soon and would never last. And everyone was right.

Amberoid, the slow starter, had been ninth and then fifth after a mile, and he rolled around his field in a wonderfully strong run that brought him second to Kansas King at the head of the stretch. He took the lead before they had gone another sixteenth. Instinctively, the crowd knew the race was his at that point, and although Buffle made a courageous run at him over the last furlong it was not nearly enough. Advocate, who has a habit of finishing in the money in many of the big ones, did it again, to get

Continued



Fewen, who won third Belmont in 1889, stands on silver trophy held by winning jockey Boland.

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third money of \$12,500. Mike Ford, who has won \$375,147 with his colt, had paid \$6,250 to start Kauai King as a supplementary entry in the Belmont and received fourth money. How much was that? Exactly \$6,250. Crestfallen after losing, Brumfield had no real excuse. "We fired—and fell back," he said.

And so, after 18 years without a Triple Crown champion, U.S. racing must wait at least another year. Kauai King, now off to Chicago and a date in the American Derby on August 6th, will be back for a Saratoga meeting with Amherst on the August 20th Travers, at a mile and a quarter. In that one they may face Ogden Phipps's 1965 2-year-old champion, Buckpasser, who, after suffering a quarter crack in Florida, made a smashing return to action with a fine win in the race before the Belmont. In the meantime one cannot help being very impressed by Amherst as a classic horse. His sire, Count Amber, and his dam, Ambiorix, by Tourbillon, and his dam, Spencerian, has the blood of Beau Pere and Birmelech in her veins.

At the winner's party after the Belmont, Webster and Laurin were so overjoyed that they could barely speak coherently. "I was so nervous," said Laurin. "That I couldn't even spit properly." Webster described himself as a "68-year-old half-baked financial executive—which means I'm on the board of directors of 30 or so small companies but no very big ones. I don't know how we did it, but we did. At this rate, if I live another week it will be a miracle."

As the champagne flowed, Mike and Ronnie Ford entered the exclusive Trustees Room at Aqueduct. The young man from Omaha was still sweating. He went to Lucien Laurin and congratulated him, spotted Webster and charged over to him. "Mike," said Webster, raising his glass. "I'm glad we won, but let me tell you most sincerely that I really wanted to see you win the Triple Crown. Nearly everyone here today wanted to see your horse win."

Mike Ford wiped his brow once more and made a polite reply. As a gentlemanly outsider trespassing on the playground of The Establishment, he undoubtedly knew that, five days before the Belmont Stakes was run, Reginald N. Webster, the half-baked financial executive, had been elected the 71st member of The Jockey Club. How are you going to beat 'em?

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CINCINNATI'S BRAIN-PICKER



Now president and owner of the highly regarded Reds, Bill DeWitt has served, operated and owned ball clubs for half a century. The only general manager ever to win pennants in both major leagues, he is a scrambler who lives by his wits, as the city of Cincinnati is finding out

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

Picked to win the National League pennant, the Cincinnati Reds were in and out of 10th place, and the home phone of William Orville DeWitt, the owner, president, general manager and treasurer, rang at the oddest hours. One fan, calling at 6 in the morning, told Margaret DeWitt he wanted to return 600 tickets he had bought for a Sunday game. "I didn't know anyone had 600 tickets to return," said DeWitt when he heard of the request. Letters from Red fans printed in *The Cincinnati Enquirer* showed irritation and disgust. "If given enough time, Bill DeWitt will accomplish what three wars and the Great Depression couldn't do, namely, run baseball in Cincinnati," wrote one fan. Another simply asked, "Why doesn't he [DeWitt] keep his mouth shut?" In Cincinnati, the smallest town in the major leagues, baseball gives the city status. When the Reds lose, the natives suffer, and sometime Bill DeWitt is promptly fingered by some as a penurious interloper who is doing his best to ruin the Reds and balk the town.

Such criticism ticks DeWitt, but he usually keeps his thoughts to himself. After all, he put in 15 years with the old St. Louis Browns learning how to suppress his emotions. As far as DeWitt is concerned, the Reds are a solid club and fans who screamed early should withhold judgment until the season ends.

In appearance, DeWitt is of middling height and ample girth and resembles a rather serious, 63-year-old Kewpie doll. "I am serious, very serious," he says. DeWitt has been in baseball 50 years, and his experience includes virtually every aspect of the game, from selling soda pop to running three major league ball clubs. At one time or another he has been treasurer of the St. Louis Cardinals, general manager and then owner of the St. Louis Browns and later an associate of Bill Veeck when Veeck ran the Browns, an assistant to George Weiss on the New York Yankees and, before he arrived at Cincinnati, president of the Detroit Tigers. He is the only general

manager ever to have won pennants with teams in both leagues.

By nature DeWitt is hardworking and methodical. He is frank, but his frankness is the kind that once led him to caution Don Heffner, the Reds' manager, never to answer a reporter's question with specifics but always in generalities. DeWitt has no hobbies; baseball is his life. Every day he pores over dozens of stories that aides have marked for him in out-of-town newspapers. He is constantly on the hunt for information that may be of use, and his mind is crammed with minutiae ranging from the cost of ads on outfield fences to the latest developments in rest-room plumbing. He is a great brain-picker, and he is forever asking questions of his staff. "I've learned something from everyone I've ever been associated with," he says. In recent years he has become interested in the player-rating systems of Ed Berry, a baseball fan now retired in Florida. Berry rates pitchers not by their earned run averages but on bases allowed, and DeWitt says, "He showed us why we lost the pennant last year."

A couple of years ago Milt Richman, a UPI sports columnist and an old friend, persuaded DeWitt to take the first vacation of his life. DeWitt arrived on the beach in Hawaii wearing his wristwatch. Richman suggested he take it off and relax. DeWitt answered, "No, if it's noon here it's 5 in Kansas City, and I may be able to call to make a deal."

By reputation, DeWitt is thrifty; indeed, there are players who regard him as a skinflint. Jim Brosnan remembers haggling for three days over \$250, and Gene Freese, who suffered a broken ankle in 1962 and missed most of the season, had his salary cut 25% in 1963. The cut was to be restored if Freese stayed with the club, but he was farmed out. At the end of the year DeWitt restored half of the salary cut. "His gate doesn't allow him to be the most munificent of spenders," says Bill Veeck, "and if he had more cash he would spread more around." Richman says, "Bill is

a friend in need." Last year DeWitt learned that Jim Coates needed only another month in the major leagues to qualify for the player pension plan, and he brought Coates up to the Reds from Seattle. The pitcher was five days late reporting, and DeWitt docked him five days' pay. The Reds' player representative demanded that Coates be paid for the five days, but DeWitt refused. When Ford Frick, then commissioner, heard about the squabble he asked that it be settled. Reluctantly DeWitt paid Coates for two and a half of the five days. Richman says, "Bill wants an honest day's work for his dollar."

DeWitt was born in St. Louis, the son of a grocer. At the age of 12, along with his older brother Charlie, he got a job selling soda pop at the Browns' games. One day in 1916, after he had been working at the park for two years, DeWitt learned from his brother that Branch Rickey, the general manager, was looking for an office boy. DeWitt applied for the job, and Rickey, though looking for an older, bigger lad, was impressed and hired him for \$3.50 a week. Young Williams showed his mettle. When Rickey moved over to the Cardinals as general manager in 1917, he took DeWitt along. On Rickey's advice, DeWitt learned bookkeeping, shorthand and typing, and eventually he became Rickey's secretary and then treasurer of the Cardinals. He also attended college at night, finally earning a certificate in law from St. Louis University in 1931 and passing the Missouri bar exams. Says Charlie, "He ruined his belly doing it." In 1936 DeWitt was made an assistant vice-president of the team and put in charge of player procurement for the farm system, a system so vast and successful that the Cardinals actually owned all the players in one league, the Nebraska State.

That same year Rickey was asked to find a buyer for the Browns by the executors of the estate of the late owner, Phil Ball, and he approached Don Barnes, a St. Louis auto-loan tycoon. Barnes suc-

Continued

ALTHOUGH HE RESEMBLES A BENIGN KEWPIE DOLL, DEWITT IS A HARDHEADED BUSINESSMAN WHO IS A STICKLER FOR DETAIL

it works

DeWitt (continued)

cumbled to Rickey's oration about the joys of owning a major league team, even such a ragamuffin outfit as the Browns, and at Rickey's suggestion he hired DeWitt as the general manager. Charlie, who had been scouting for the Cardinals, became the Browns' traveling secretary. Rickey wished Barnes and the DeWitts good luck and returned to his office, pocketing a \$25,000 finder's fee.

DeWitt's experiences with the Browns would have been enough to maim a lesser man. The Browns were a botch, a study in horror. They had almost no fans. In 1935, the year before Barnes bought the club, the Browns had a total season attendance of 80,922. They played in St. Louis from 1902 to 1954, and in those 52 years they attracted a capacity crowd of 35,500 only once. And that was on the last day of the 1944 season, when they won their first and only pennant. Visiting teams rarely made expenses on a trip to St. Louis. Not even the Yankees could bring out the fans. According to one story, Charlie DeWitt once went to give the Yankees their share of the gate from a game. It was \$3.50. The Yankee road secretary looked at Charlie in pity and said, "Keep it."

Attendance improved some over the years but never to the point where the club could make money. In 1940 the Browns were so broke that Barnes had to ask a bank to lend the ball club \$75,000 so that it could hold spring training. The bank turned the club down. Barnes finally got the money elsewhere but only after signing a personal note.

The breaks never did come to the Browns. In 1941 the American League was prepared to give the Browns permission to move to Los Angeles. All but smelting the money to be made. Barnes laid plans for the date to announce the proposed shift. He picked December 8.

Stuck in St. Louis, hampered by a lack of money and haunted by an absence of fans, DeWitt had to scrimp and scrounge and think ahead to improve the club. He did a superb job. He started a farm system that produced excellent players—Vern Stephens, Roy Sievers, Ned Garver, Al Zarilla, Johnny Berardino, Bob Muncrief, Fred Sanford, Les Moss, Bob Turley, Bob Dillinger and Don Larsen. The Browns probably would have signed Mickey Mantle, but it rained the day he was trucked to Sportsman's Park for a tryout. One player DeWitt did see and pass up was Yogi Berra. "You should

have seen what he looked like when he was 16," DeWitt says.

In 1945 Don Barnes sold the Browns to Dick Muckerman, and Muckerman sank the club several hundred fatbombs into debt by spending almost \$2 million to redo Sportsman's Park and build a new park for the farm team in San Antonio. DeWitt had to start selling the players who were coming up from the minors. His favorite customers were Tom Yawkey of the Boston Red Sox and Veeck, then owner of the Cleveland Indians. "The other guys were a little tight on the draw," says DeWitt. DeWitt got the maximum price for his crop by playing Veeck and Yawkey against one another. Veeck, desperate to win a pennant, once had to pay DeWitt \$100,000 for a journeyman pitcher named Sam Zoldak. Veeck still cannot get over the deal, and Zoldak himself was so flabbergasted that he took to standing up in the Indians' locker room and shouting at teammates. "And how much did they pay for you?" DeWitt set the all-time record for a deal when he sent Vern Stephens and Jack Kauter to Yawkey's Red Sox for \$310,000 and seven players. All told, he sold 52 million worth of players. "It was fun one way, but in another way it wasn't," says DeWitt. "I always had someone knocking on my door to make a deal, which is fun, but when you're forced to make a deal, that takes all the fun out of it."

In 1949 the DeWitts bought the majority interest in the club from Muckerman. Bill became president and Charlie vice-president. "We were a good team to work both sides of the street," says Charlie. "I was the guy who hummed at the Elks club instead of the Racquet Club."

The DeWitts could do nothing to bolster attendance, however, and in 1951 they sold the Browns to Veeck. Charlie DeWitt went into insurance full time, but Bill stayed on as a consulting vice-president. When Veeck sold out in 1953 the franchise was moved to Baltimore, and DeWitt, who thinks ahead, pointed out a clause in his contract saying his office would be in St. Louis. The new owners settled with him, and he moved on to New York to work for the Yankees, with the understanding that he would succeed George Weiss when Weiss retired as general manager. A year later DeWitt received one of the few shocks of his executive life when Weiss signed a





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"Lady Luck didn't just smile on Hope, she had hysteria!"

Dow Finsterwald's caddy (the fellow on the right) stars in the dramatic new 20th Century-Fox release "Stagecoach".



CROSBY: He did it again! How can that guy Hope have *that* much luck in one lifetime?

FINSTERWALD: Give Bob credit, Bing. He played a darned good game today.

CROSBY: You've got to be kidding, Dow. Lady Luck didn't just smile on Hope, she had hysteria! Who else could hook into the rough, bounce off a tree and land on the green?

FINSTERWALD: Well, Bing, I must say this is the most unusual match I ever played in.

CROSBY: It isn't everyone that gets to see the Carrie Nation of golf win one.

FINSTERWALD: Bob does have a choppy swing.

CROSBY: Dow, if Bob backed up saloons the way he hacks up golf courses, Dean Martin would run him out of town!

FINSTERWALD: If he's that bad, why doesn't he go to a pro and take some lessons?

CROSBY: Hope has driven more good teaching pro's into the insurance business than anybody I know. But at least your golfing attire dispels my gloom.

FINSTERWALD: Thanks, Bing. If you mean this Munsingwear Grand Slam golf shirt style 2835, I'm real proud of it. It's knit of Dacron polyester and cotton and has the most luxurious feel of any golf shirt I've ever worn.

CROSBY: And you look every inch the champion you are, Dow. But as long as we're sneaking in a commercial here, I'd like to get in a plug for this Munsingwear style 2833 I'm wearing. It's "Texspend" stretch fabric... swings with you, then springs right back into shape.

FINSTERWALD: Sounds like you've gotten philosophical about dropping this one to Bob, Bing. That means a draw for the series.

CROSBY: I guess it's just as well we finish all even, Dow. This way I won't be bombarded all winter with demands for a rematch. The last time I beat Hope, he threw his glove in my face in the locker room.

FINSTERWALD: I wonder who'd be pitching gloves if Hope had won three out of four?

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Bobby Nichols' handicap stars in "Boy, Did I Get A Wrong Number," an Edward Small Production for United Artists.

HOPE: Ahh! Once again virtue and superior skill have triumphed! When I'm on my game, I'm unbeatable! I'm the greatest!

NICHOLS: Did I play with Bob Hope or Cassius Clay?

HOPE: I told you we couldn't lose if we could just keep Crosby in sight. No fancy footwork in the traps this time!

NICHOLS: I don't know what you mean, Bob. Bing doesn't kick out of a tough lie.

HOPE: You don't know him the way I do, Bobby. In spite of his vintage chassis, Crosby can still kick like a Rockette when there's no audience.

NICHOLS: But I didn't see him do it. And you weren't exactly a model sportsman yourself today.

HOPE: What do you mean, Bobby?

NICHOLS: Well, don't you think that using Playboy Bunnies for caddies is just a little distracting?

HOPE: We played under the same handicap.

NICHOLS: And why did you hand Bing that scuba gear just as he addressed the ball at the water? He got so rattled he dunked three shots before he finally drove across.

HOPE: So I used a little gamesmanship.

NICHOLS: Right now, Bob, you look like you own the world!

HOPE: And I feel like it too, Bobby, in this Munsingwear Grand Slam golf shirt style 2822. It's knit of 65% Dacron® polyester and 35% cotton . . . really shows off my physique.

NICHOLS: That's asking a lot of any golf shirt, Bob. But I know what you're getting at about Munsingwear style. This No. 2872 I'm wearing looks so good it's almost a shame to wear it just for golf. But it's all action on the course. You know, Bob, it's probably just as well the series ended in a tie.

HOPE: I suppose so, Bobby. Otherwise, Crosby'd spend the winter leaning on his writers, making them come up with something to get even with me.

NICHOLS: I know who'd be leaning on his writers if the shoe'd been on the other foot!



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Now that I've chosen the Smooth Canadian,
I think it's the answer for every girl!

I used to flirt with one Canadian or another, until I met
the Smooth Canadian—Seagram's V.O. It's so-o-o smooth, so light,
I liked it at first sip. Now I'm ordering it happily ever after.



CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES, 30 YEARS OLD, 40 & 50 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C.

new five-year contract. "He still hasn't retired," says DeWitt.

In 1956, casting about for a new base of operations, DeWitt became the coordinator of the \$500,000 fund set up by the major leagues to aid the minors. He waited for three years for something to happen, and then in 1959 he became president of the Tigers. He made a couple of trades—most notably, Harvey Kuenn for Rocky Colavito—that made the Tigers a contender but, caught in a fight between feuding owners, he stayed with Detroit less than a year before settling his contract again. He was out of action only three days before being appointed general manager of the Reds in November 1960.

DeWitt's first year in Cincinnati was extremely successful. He traded away two older players, Cal McLish, the pitcher, and Roy McMillan, the shortstop, and obtained Joey Jay and Gene Freese. The Reds, who had finished sixth the year before, won the pennant. Powell Crosley Jr., the millionaire owner of the Reds, died in March 1961, and the club was put up for sale. DeWitt bought the club for \$4,625,000, amid cries that the trustees of the Crosley Foundation had passed up better offers. The idea that he stole the Reds or got them on the cheap annoys DeWitt, who says, "The people who would have bid a million more—and it wasn't a million—and they would. You know, some people put their money where their mouth is, and others put out conversation. There was never any other firm offer made. All it was was conversation. The people in the Crosley Foundation decided they wanted good management in the club, and that was one of the reasons they sold it to me."

Still, the hue and cry was such that the attorney general of Ohio stepped in and the terms of sale were altered. DeWitt agreed to keep the Reds in Cincinnati at least until 1971, and even should he wish to move the team after that he cannot do so unless the board of directors declares that the Reds are unable to meet their financial obligations. "I've never given any consideration to moving," says DeWitt. "This is a wonderful area. The newspapers are the only ones who've talked about us moving."

"This is our home," he says. "We bought a home here. We want to be part of the community." DeWitt is a member of the prestigious Queen City Club. His son, Bill Jr., joined the University Club,

which attracts a younger crowd, and John Murdough, business vice-president of the Reds, is a member of the Cincinnati Club. "We try to spread the business around," says DeWitt.

The fans themselves have been treated to promotional razzmatazz. There are days and nights given over to Knighthole Gangs, the Safety Patrol, Senior Citizens and the barbers' union. When a player has a birthday, he gets a cake at home plate. There is Bugle Day. Crosley Field has been freshly painted from top to bottom. There are brand-new rest rooms. "The Cubs used to have the best rest rooms," DeWitt says. The Reds have the best organist—Ronnie Dale. "The Mets tried to get him," says DeWitt. Any fan who catches a ball hit into the stands on the fly is signed to an honorary contract.

Fans must be wooed constantly, because, says DeWitt, there is a turnover in fans every 10 years. Look what happened in Milwaukee. Since DeWitt's arrival in Cincinnati the Reds have literally been beating the bushes. Publicity troupes regularly visit Huntington, W. Va.; Louisville and Lexington, Ky.; Dayton, Columbus and Chillicothe, Ohio, and Indianapolis. Cincinnati may be the smallest city in the majors, but it is in the middle of the ninth biggest marketing area in the country. More than half the fans, 55%, to be exact, come from more than 50 miles away from Cincinnati. Eighty-five percent of them arrive by car, and 78% are males. DeWitt has all the figures.

The main difficulty for DeWitt is that Crosley Field is not only the oldest ball park in the majors (it was built in 1884) but the smallest (capacity 29,000). The parking situation is all but impossible. The city fathers are planning to build a new park down by the Ohio River, but DeWitt is skeptical on several counts. For one, he obviously regards local politicians as windbags—"They've been talking about a new stadium for 15 years," he sighs—and the same goes for Ohio Governor James Rhodes, who has been talking about a combined baseball and football stadium should Cincinnati get an NFL franchise. "The governor has been leading the press around by the nose on this football franchise," DeWitt says. "The governor is running for reelection this year, and that's why he's so active, active on behalf of anything that will get him publicity. The more pub-

Continued

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DeWitt continued

licity he gets, the more he figures he'll get reelected." DeWitt is not happy about the riverfront site. The area does not offer sufficient parking. "They expect people to park in garages and ride to the stadium in buses," he says of the politicians. "People are accustomed to driving their automobiles as far as possible to the place they're going."

DeWitt would prefer that the stadium be built outside the city limits in Hamilton County, where parking and access from interstate highways are easy. The city fathers say they can build on the riverfront site with urban renewal funds but to build in the county would require a vote. DeWitt is all for putting a county stadium on the ballot. "In San Diego they put it on the ballot," he says. "A 70%, or 80%, majority voted yes." DeWitt has told the city fathers that the Reds will play in the new stadium wherever it is built, but the length of the lease he will sign will depend on the location. In other words, he might move out after living up to his word. He hints that he might even move right back to Crosley Field. He mentions a private stadium, "I think a private stadium is within the realm of possibility," he says.

Where the Reds play is vital to DeWitt. He has no other financial resource. His business is baseball, and the success of his business depends on the number of fans the Reds can draw. The Reds spend \$800,000 a year developing players. The Dodgers spend \$2.5 million. By DeWitt's accounting, the Reds have a fair farm system, and he is very much satisfied with the team on the field. "We've got a good ball club here, a young ball club that's going to be around a long time when we get squared away," he says. "We're not going to make any changes. This ball club is going to sit for a while. I think that, outside of pitching, we have the youngest players on the field in the majors. Once you put a young ball club together, you can keep it together without making any radical changes."

"I learned from a guy named Rickey that you have to have a lot of speed on a ball club. Speed can help you on offense and defense. We try to get speed all the time. This guy we got in the Frank Robinson deal, Dick Simpson, is one of the fastest in professional baseball. He runs the 100 in 9.5. Speed and youth. You try to keep your regular players

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DeWitt continued

young and your pitchers experienced."

Age played a part in the controversial trade of Frank Robinson, a Cincinnati batting star for 10 seasons, to Baltimore for Starting Pitcher Milt Pappas, Relief Pitcher Jack Baldschun and Simpson, a minor leaguer. Robinson is only 30, but DeWitt is trying to "balance the age" of the Reds. Moreover, says DeWitt, "we traded Robinson because we needed pitching. In the spring of 1965 we thought we had the best pitching staff in the league. It didn't turn out that way—it was one of the worst—and we felt that we couldn't go along with the pitching we had. Joey Jay had an ordinary year, Jim O'Toole a poor one and we didn't know if they'd come back. We had to shore up the pitching. We talked to Baltimore, the Giants, the Cubs, everybody. Baltimore kept saying, 'We need an outfielder.' We had tried to get Baldschun from Philadelphia, we had made half a dozen offers, but we couldn't get him. Then Baltimore got Baldschun, and they got Simpson from California. We liked Simpson. They put the three of them together—Pappas, Baldschun and Simpson—and we made the trade. Last year we scored 200 more runs than the Dodgers, and when you score runs like that and hush fourth, it means that scoring runs is not the whole answer to winning. We had Robinson here 10 years. We won one pennant with him. But to follow the Branch Rickey theory, we'd rather trade a player a year too soon than a year too late. And Pappas is winning for us now."

The Robinson trade is a sensitive matter to DeWitt, and he was irked recently when Frank Lane criticized him for it. "In a Los Angeles paper Lane was criticizing me, saying you never trade a player and knock him. I have never knocked Robinson. Lane forgets the time I traded him Harvey Kuenn for Rocky Colavito. A headline in a Cleveland paper said LANE, WE TRADED HAMBURGER FOR STEAK. Oh, was Colavito mad! And he's talking about me criticizing Robinson."

To Bill DeWitt, a trade or a decision of any kind is not to be considered lightly. He puts a lot of thought into his work, and brains are picked clean before he makes up his mind. But once he decides on his course he never looks back. If he did, he might see the St. Louis Browns.

END



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A Course You Have to Woo

BY ALFRED WRIGHT

San Francisco's Olympic Country Club, the site of next week's U.S. Open, offers a distinctive combination of beauty, history and class that is likely to confound the sluggers of professional golf but yield to a tender touch

In San Francisco mention of The Olympic Club conjures up joyous memories of athletic glory. Only the most recent of these concern golf, for Olympic was already 62 years old when it turned its attention to the game back in 1922. The sports it enjoyed were football, baseball, track and field, gymnastics, fencing, water polo, tennis, handball, boxing, wrestling, swimming, cycling and you-name-it. About the same time that the club was adding golf to its attractions, it was sending as many as 22 member-athletes to the Olympic Games and holding its own on the football field against Stanford and California and St. Mary's. It was a time when the country was dancing to Abe Lyman's arrangement of *The Japanese Sandman* and singing songs like "Barney Google with his goo-goo-googly eyes." Athletic clubs were big things.

Golf started almost overnight for the San Francisco Olympians. They fought up the 18 holes of the founding Lakeside Golf and Country Club on the eastern slope of the sand hills between the Pacific Ocean and Lake Merced, an area that was already becoming a kind of golfing playground. Nowadays courses

thrive there almost border to border for a stretch of seven or eight miles. The Olympians remodeled and strengthened the Lakeside course and added another 18 holes on the western slope of the hills adjacent to the chilly and roiling surf of northern California. On the top of one hill they built an enormous clubhouse in the endemic California motif of yellow stucco over Mediterranean red tile roof and called the whole thing the Olympic Country Club. But to insiders in the golfing world the original course has always been "Lakeside." It is much the stronger of the two, so much so that when you speak of Olympic it is now assumed you refer to Lakeside.

Despite the proximity to the sea, the course is parklike in character, working its way over the rolling landscape that slopes sharply from the clubhouse to Lake Merced. It is an old-fashioned design, with small greens that are modestly bunkered at their entrances and for only about half their depth. The course gets its personality from the tall eucalyptus, Manzanita pines and gnarled California eucalyptus that now dominate the once-bare area. There is not a hole among the entire 18 at Lakeside where huge ever-

green trees fail to come into play. They are the hazard of the course, their dense branches batting down every errant shot, leaving the ball nestling in the pine needles below. The ground beneath the trees is meticulously cleared woodland, like a German forest. You do not lose golf balls, but you lose strokes. Olympic has no water hazards, and only one fairway trap—its trees suffice.

The course was slow to come into full maturity, yet some interesting golf was played there during its formative years while everyone waited for the trees to grow up. Macdonald Smith was one of Olympic's early pros, and Ken Venturi twice won the club championship as a junior member. The traveling professionals tested the course a couple of times in a now defunct event called the National Match Play. Lakeside finally earned national attention when the USGA selected it for the 1955 U.S. Open.

The 1955 tournament is still best remembered as the occasion when Ben Hogan just missed becoming the first man in history to win five Open championships. Hogan seemed to have it won as he sat in the clubhouse late Saturday afternoon with a 72-hole total of 287.

continued

Typical of Olympic is the 8th hole, a short par-3 that is set in a tunnel of evergreens, with the city shining in the background.

Television had announced him as the winner. Then along came Jack Fleck, an obscure pro from Davenport, Iowa. A seemingly impossible two birdies and two pars on the last four holes brought him in with a three-under-par 67—one of only six subpar rounds throughout the tournament. His 76-69-75 was splendidly erratic, but it was enough to tie Hogan. The next day Fleck shot a 69 to Hogan's 72 to win the title.

People still talk about the awesome rough at the 1955 Open. During his playoff with Fleck, Hogan came to the 18th trailing by only a stroke. His left foot slipped when he hit his drive, the ball carried into the foot-high hay to the left and it took him three shots to get it back to the fairway, where he could take a normal swing at it. There is also the story about the golfer and his caddie

who walked into the rough to help find a lost ball. The caddie dropped his player's bag, and later they could not find the bag.

Joseph C. Dey Jr., the executive director and supreme voice of the U.S.G.A., claims that the length of Olympic's rough was due largely to a misunderstanding. The club officials, somewhat piqued when there had been suggestions that Olympic rough would not thicken up, started growing it a year ahead of time. For a month before Joe Dey arrived on the scene from his New York office, the rough was not cut at all. Finally much of it was trimmed to the normal five-inch Open height, but sections more than 20 feet from the fairway were left more than a foot high.

For this year's Open all the rough will be grown strictly to U.S.G.A. specifications—nowhere as horrendous as in 1955 but more severe than at any other major U.S. championship. Except on the fairways proper, which are generally about 35 yards wide at the target areas, Lakeside's various grasses have been allowed to grow to a height of two inches within six feet of the edge of the fairways. Farther out, they are four to five inches tall. When it is allowed to grow into rough this fairway grass is always far thicker than ordinary rough, and it takes great strength to force a club head through it with any speed at all. Those who hit the ball into the rough will need muscle to get it out.

Equally severe is the rough that will surround most of Olympic's greens. This greenside rough virtually removes the chip shot from the repertoire of strokes needed to win the 1966 Open. A ball must be exploded from it with a wedge, almost like a sand shot. When the ball pops out it has no spin on it whatsoever and seems to roll forever on fast or downhill greens. "You should be able to read the signature on the ball if the shot is played correctly," says Venturi, whose own detailed assessment of how to play the course is on the following pages.

Olympic, then, will demand precise and thoughtful golf. The home-run hitters, from Jack Nicklaus on down, are going to have to tame their instinctive urge to drive the ball out of sight, for there is hardly a straight fairway on the entire course. Nor are there any shortcuts available. Lakeside's dense trees close in on the fairways just at those

points where one might be tempted to take the quick route across a dogleg. On at least six of the holes the pros will be wise to use a three-wood off the tee instead of a driver, assuming that the usual strong wind is blowing.

The players who will be in contention on Sunday afternoon will be the ones who can baby the ball into the little greens. It should be kept in mind that Lakeside plays at only 6,727 yards from the Open tees. This compares to 7,191 for Bellshire and 7,653 for Congressional, sites of the last two Opens. Nevertheless, the field will be hitting medium to long irons or fairway woods on 10 out of the 18 holes at Olympic. You could not find many other courses that would make this same demand on today's top players.

More important, though, is the manner in which these shots will have to be executed. On all but two of the holes the approach shot must be floated into the green from left to right with a feathery touch. Otherwise the ball may not hold.

When one thinks of those who hit feathery irons by instinct and preference the list is short—Deane Beman, alone among the amateurs, and Bill Casper, Bruce Devlin, Venturi, Nicklaus, sometimes Arnold Palmer, Gardner Dickinson and, of course, Ben Hogan. Defending champion Gary Player will have to make adjustments in his basically right-to-left game. He is capable of this, but it does not help his chances. There are a few others to consider, but almost none among the younger set or those who have been playing well in recent tournaments.

It is Hogan, though, that the mind keeps returning to when trying to decide who might best handle this course, and sentiment is not the reason. On the basis of his play in this year's Masters, it is safe to say that Hogan still drives the ball more precisely than any of the leading players of the moment. He still seems to have a greater variety of iron shots and a more secure way of striking them. It is only his putting that has been keeping him from winning. It has to be remembered that he was only two strokes behind the leaders at the start of the final round of this year's Masters, where the huge Augusta greens should have all but nullified the rest of his magnificent strokes. On Olympic's small and relatively flat greens Hogan's



The unchanging Hogan at Olympic in '55.

shaky putting will be less destructive.

So it is especially gratifying that this is the year the USGA finally decided to give Hogan an exemption from qualifying for the Open. In recent years, after his automatic exemptions ran out, Hogan has refused to submit himself to the sectional qualifying requirement. He has felt, not altogether without reason, that anyone who has won the Open four times should be entitled to a free ticket. Those outsiders who concern themselves with such things have taken his side almost unanimously, and so have a number of the high officials of the USGA. The USGA has been trying to find some special formula for Hogan's special case. This year it did the logical thing. It just plain exempted him from qualifying. After all, Hogan cannot go on forever playing the kind of golf that would win

him an unprecedented fifth Open Championship, and if ever there was going to be a time and a place where he might do it, this year at Olympic is it. Whether he succeeds or not, the tournament will be a great deal richer and more thrilling for his presence. Constantly running through the minds of the thousands who will be in Hogan's gallery will be the thought of how close he came on this same course 11 years ago.

Hogan's reappearance and Olympic's stimulating challenge are only two of the reasons for the general rejoicing over the site of this year's Open. Most of the players, officials, press, broadcasters and commercial appendages of a major golf championship these days are happily contemplating the week they will get to spend in that most attractive of American cities. They are thinking about the

weather, which will almost surely be cool and invigorating, what with the brisk summer breezes and the evening fog sweeping in off the Pacific. What a contrast it will be to the steamy mid-Junes of recent Opens in places like Tulsa and Washington and St. Louis. They are thinking about the dinners on the expense account at Amelio's and Ernie's and Trader Vic's, about drinks at the Top of the Mark and topless shows down in North Beach, of shopping on Union Square and of merely admiring the appearance of this dazzling, shimmering white city. But, finally, they are thinking of what a likely place this is for an epic U.S. Open, one where something especially dramatic might happen—like a win by Hogan or Ventura, or Nicklaus taking the second step toward a Grand Slam. Olympic makes one think that way.



Thousands of spectators pack the hillside behind the 18th green during the 1955 Open, a scene that will be duplicated next week.

The Shakes in Quake Corner

BY KEN VENTURI

There are many features of Olympic Country Club that make it unique—not the least of which is the way the rolls in the greens and the contours of the fairways keep minutely shifting because of earth tremors. But the most unusual aspect of the course is that its famous stretch of holes, the ones that establish or ruin a tournament performance, occurs so early in the 18. They are the 2nd through the 5th (see cover), and their position puts a severe strain on the golfer. Instead of starting slowly and building to the climax of a round, he is immediately forced to attack the heart of the course. No touring professional understands the idiosyncrasies of Olympic better than Ken Venturi, who has played it hundreds of times. Here, with the aid of scale models that depict every terrain factor, the former U.S. Open champion gives an inside look at how to play these crucial holes, and then analyzes the remainder of the course.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD JEFFERY

Here is where the trouble begins, the 403-yard 2nd hole. It is no place to use a driver. I stand on the right side of the tee and try to fade a three-wood into the first orange circle, keeping it low and out of the wind. A long hitter will reach the second orange circle with the same club. This tee shot must not be hooked, for the landing zone is very tight. Even if hit perfectly, a driver will get you in the area of the red circle, a most awkward lie. The entrance to the green is narrow. The shot is about a six-iron, brought in left to right.





Here is one of the most interesting par-3s on golf. It is 220 yards, inclines downhill into a valley and usually has a brisk wind blowing from left to right. I am convinced that the only way to play the hole—and a way the touring pros won't enjoy at all—is to take advantage of what is known around Olympic as the members' bounce. There is no percentage in trying to fade or draw the ball into this green on the fly, as you almost always do on a par-3. Your margin for error is too small and, as you can see at right, if you get behind the traps on either side you are in serious trouble. Instead, I try to hit the ball straight with a long iron or wood, have it bounce in front of the green where the target area is widest and just take a quick skip up to the putting surface. I don't care where the pin is. All I want to do is get on the green and get my par. Notice in the view above how the tall evergreens on the left shield the hole. I try to take advantage of this shield by keeping the shot low. A shot above the tree line is at the mercy of the wind.



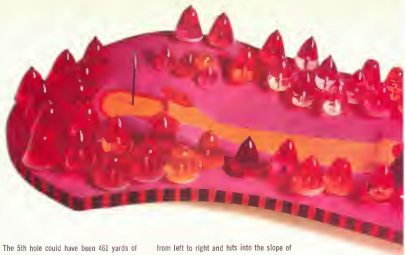


The view at right vividly shows the hazards that the 4th hole, a 431-yard par-4, presents. The opening off the tee is quite narrow, and branches of large trees (red) are an immediate hazard. The fairway slopes to the right, so the tee shot must be moved right to left—away from the trees and toward the center of the fairway. Length is no advantage, so I recommend using a three-wood. Ideally, this leaves you in the purple circle if you are an average hitter, or the yellow circle if a long hitter. A Nicklaus or a Palmer, using a driver, could reach the dark circle, but why bother? Because of the slope of the fairway

your ball may easily bounce into the trees on the right. Even if your shot stays in the fairway, the upslope there is so sharp that you cannot see the flagstick. I would rather hit a four-iron from level ground where I can see the target than a blind six-iron off a bad lie. So spoon it off the tee, over the steep bank and into the hollow. Below, you can see clearly the arc the tee shot should follow and how much higher the green is than the tee-shot landing area. The long approach shot must be hit over the corner of the trap on the left and into the left side of the green. Anything to the right tends to kick away from the hole.



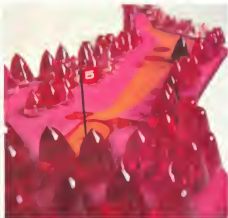


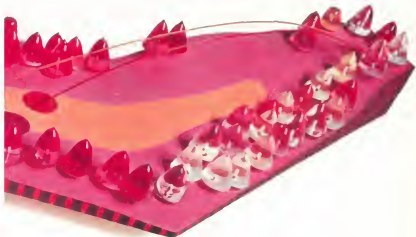


The 5th hole could have been 461 yards of misery but the USGA has made the fairway at the target area the widest on the course and that will help—a little. A large eucalyptus tree some 290 yards out serves as the perfect initial aiming point for the tee shot. I use a driver and hit a “slider,” a shot that moves

from left to right and hits into the slope of the fairway. It is not a fade, however, for it does not have backspin on it. It just slides to the right (red wire) and rolls, hopefully, to the indicated circle. The long hitter (yellow wire) has a narrower safe-landing area. The spot that must be avoided is the purple circle.

The view back from the green reveals why the purple circle means trouble. Even though much of the circle is in the fairway, the eucalyptus tree has completely hidden it from the green. Only the two landing areas at the right side of the fairway offer an open approach shot. Pros who like to draw their tee shots could have a lot of difficulty here. If a right-to-left drive goes too far, it will roll into trouble.





The complexities of the 5th hole are increased by the subtle problems around the green. After hitting the tee shot from left to right, it is best to draw your second shot, hitting it from right to left. You must stay clear of the bunker that guards the front of the green on the left and take advantage of the slope of the small hill to the right of the green. Note how the curve of the fairway accents the only good route to the putting surface—from the right.





This spot could be fatal in a U.S. Open. Now you see what happens when you let what appears to be a perfectly good tee shot get just a few yards to the left. You have found yourself in the purple circle, a place from which there is only a slight chance of getting the ball onto the green. If you try a hook up to the right—a shot that can scarcely be contemplated if your ball is in the rough—you have little hope of

even reaching the green. The terrain on the right of the green will make a long hook kick sharply left. It is possible when there is no rough to hit a four-iron from the left section of the purple circle, between the big eucalyptus and the evergreens that border the left of the fairway. You can see the green through that opening. But that shot through the overhanging limbs will be impossible from the high Open rough.

'It Is a Ben Hogan Kind of Course'

One of the most striking things about the Lakeside course at Olympic Country Club is that it is so enjoyable to play. This is true whether you are a pro or a 100 shooter. It is one of the most beautiful courses I know and one of the best.

I must have played Olympic at least 300 times in my life. I used to be a junior member there, and I won the club championship in 1952 and 1953. I was away in the Army when they held the 1955 Open at Olympic, and I suppose I have not played there more than a couple of times a year since I turned pro, but the course has not changed much in the meantime. Basically Olympic will be the same for this year's Open as it always is, except for narrower fairways bordered by typical U.S. Open rough and some new tees that will slightly lengthen 10 of the holes.

I would characterize Olympic as a second-shot golf course. By that I mean you have to play your second shots into the par-4 holes with intelligence and finesse. The greens are on the small side, averaging about 5,000 square feet or so. It takes a great deal of skill to put the ball on most of the par-4s in regulation figures. Yet once you are on the greens you will not be too far from any of the holes. As a result, the excellent putters will have no advantage here over the better shotmakers who do not putt so well.

Because I say Olympic is a second-shot course does not mean that you won't have to drive well. After all, this is the Open. The USGA never gives you a lot of fairway to shoot at, and the penalty for driving into the rough can be much more severe than at any other tournament we play on the tour. The premium is on accuracy from the tee rather than length.

On the preceding pages I have described some of the problems involved in playing what you can call "Quake Corner," the 2nd through the 5th holes.

This is as difficult a series of holes as you will find anywhere, and if you start poorly here with a few bogeys—or worse—you will find yourself playing defensive golf the rest of the way. Defensive golf is usually losing golf.

Unfortunately for those who cannot attend the tournament, television will not be able to bring you the action in Quake Corner. It is rare to find a course where the essence of the matter is put to you so early in your round, but that is Olympic.

I will not attempt to describe every problem on the course for you, but you will get a good idea of Olympic's general character if I conduct you on a quick tour and indicate the high spots from the touring professional's point of view, excluding the 2nd through the 5th holes, since you have just had a colorful look at them.

The first hole is a 336-yard par-5 that heads north from the clubhouse. The prevailing wind from the Pacific Ocean usually comes up sharply around noon, blowing from left to right and a little into your face. In addition, the fairway slopes from left to right, slanting down toward Lake Merced, which borders Olympic on the east. In fact, the entire course leans toward the lake, giving nearly every hole a hillside flavor.

You might think the first hole would be ideal for a man who draws his shots from right to left—into the wind and against the slope of the fairway. Actually, the opposite is true. The shot to play off the first tee is a slight fade. The reason is that the fairway turns sharply to the right at the target area, where it is only 29 paces wide. So a shot that is drawn or hooked must start out over the rough on the right, fighting it all the way, and if it is hit too strongly or has too much action it will carry into the rough on the left.

Unless you drive the ball at least 300 yards over the corner of the right rough,

there is no point in taking a wood and trying to reach the green in two. The shrubbery just off the left side of the green is unplayable, and there is a deep hollow filled with long grass on the right. It is best to hit a safe iron to the plateau in front of the green, pinch over the rough and bunkers at the entrance to the green and hope to get your birdie with one putt.

Now we move on to the 6th. If for no other reason, this hole is notable because it contains the one fairway bunker on the course. It should be an excellent hole for Nicklaus and Palmer and the other long drivers, since they can hit over the bunker on the fly, and on the other side of it the fairway curves slightly to the left. They had better be careful, though. There is a lot of rough on the far side of this trap. The perfect shot is over the right side of the trap with a slight draw. Between the edge of the bunker and the right rough the opening is only 25 yards wide, so the shorter hitters must drive with the utmost care. Since the hole measures 436 yards, the big drive will be rewarded by a medium iron to the green.

The 7th hole has to be considered the easiest par on the course, but it involves one of the most demanding tee shots. The trees almost meet at the front part of the tee, so you have to keep your drive low to avoid them, but you also must clear about 175 yards from the tee to the start of the fairway. After that, there is nothing to this uphill hole as long as you keep your drive out of the rough. The entire distance is only 285 yards, and the big hitters could drive the green were it not for the trees by the tee and the traps in front of the green. You can forget about anyone trying to drive it, however. So hit an accurate tee shot, then a little pitch shot over the bunkers and hope to one-putt for your bird.

The 8th (page 52) is another hole where

continued

dashingly
different
on
every man

BLACK WATCH
The Masculine Scent
By PRINCE MATCHABELLI

U.S. OPEN continued

you have to keep your tee shot away from overhanging branches in front of the tee, although these have been cut back considerably. The big hazard is now a tree on the right of the green that can easily catch your tee shot if you push it to the right. Otherwise, it is a fairly routine short par-3—only 138 yards—with a long, narrow green to shoot at. But you should know where the pin is before you hit. There are four great pin positions close to the surrounding traps, and because of the size of the green you may see quite a few balls in the traps here. It is a wonderful hole for the gallery, since thousands of people can sit on the hillside that slopes down from the clubhouse to the green.

The 9th hole is like the 2nd; the tee shot is moved from left to right. But the second shot here is one of the few at Olympic where you must definitely hit the ball from right to left in order to get it into the green properly. This green and the 17th are very fast. You need only tap the ball to move it from the back to the front of the green.

I disagree with the USGA's preparation of Olympic on only two holes—the first and the 10th. In both cases I think they have cut the fairway too far to the left and thus taken the trees on the right out of play. They may have had to do this to provide room for the gallery. The 10th hole is typical of the general nature of the course, for everything depends on your second shot. I think it should be skipped into the green, as on the 3rd hole. If you fly it in over the bunkers on either side and the ball doesn't hold the green, you are dead.

On the 11th hole the rough has been brought in to favor the fading shot. The bunker has to hit his drive over the rough in order to get any kind of position on the fairway. With the prevailing wind blowing, it is quite possible that just about everyone in the tournament is going to be hitting two woods to reach the green, even though the actual measurement of the hole is only 430 yards. When I was qualifying at Olympic for the 1953 Open, I experienced one of the oddest coincidences on this hole that I have ever heard of in golf. In the morning round I hit a drive and a one-iron to within four feet of the pin and sank the putt for a birdie 3. In the afternoon my drive landed right in the divot I had taken in the morning. I hit an-

other one-iron to the same spot on the green where I had marked my ball in the morning. And again I sank the putt for a birdie.

The 12th used to be the toughest tee shot on the course, but two large trees on the left side of the fairway have been cut down, making the shot much easier for the player who likes to fade his drives. If you hit a decent drive you have only about a seven-iron into the wind to reach the green, but you had better put plenty of action on the ball, because this is the hardest green to hold on the entire course.

Now Lakeside turns for home, running parallel to Lake Merced and then upwind to the clubhouse. The 13th hole looks harmless enough—191 yards downwind. You have to hit a fairly long iron here—I'll probably take a three-iron—to get the ball through another of those chutes formed by overhanging branches and over a big bunker in front of the green. This is, by the way, one of only four holes on the course where the entrance to the green is completely shut off by a bunker. The problem here is simple—to carry the trap and then stay on the green. But this is not an easy green to hold with a long iron and the prevailing wind behind you. It is especially important to stay out of that bunker in front of the green. It has been rebuilt for the tournament, and there is a big overhanging lip at the front edge. Unless the USGA changes it, you could easily bury a ball in this lip and have an unplayable lie.

The 14th hole is a strong par-4. By cutting the fairway to the right on this crescent-shaped hole the USGA has taken the gully on the left somewhat out of play. Again you are forced to hit a long iron into a small green. The 15th, a mere 150 yards, is no more than a downward seven-iron. There are good pin positions on the right behind some big bunkers because the green falls away from you, but I don't expect to see too many hogeyes on this hole. The 16th is the longest hole on the course—604 yards—and you don't want to get in the rough or you'll be looking at a stick 6. The fairway just goes on and on around in a half circle. The USGA has not left much landing area here for the second shot, and it is easy to get where trees guarding the green could block your approach.

The two finishing holes are excellent.

continued

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Sorry, gin. Poor gin.

The 17th, playing a long 443 yards, is a converted par-5. Ben Hogan reached the green in two only one time during the entire week of the 1955 Open. There is now a new tee, 22 yards ahead of the one used in 1955, but the hole is still against the wind and uphill all the way.

The fairway slopes to the right, so the tendency is to hit to the left, where you are fighting the rough. The best thing here is to keep your drive low against the wind and then take out a wood and hit your best left-to-right shot and hope you can reach the green. The hole will play much shorter in the morning than in the afternoon, when the prevailing wind comes up.

The 18th is a par-4 hole on which I have never used a driver, and I certainly won't start during the Open. Basically, the target area on the fairway is to the right, but you want to be careful. The fairway slopes right, and if you get too far right the overhanging branches of some pine trees cut off your route to the green. Everything here depends on how you position your tee shot, because the hole is only 337 yards long. If you have any kind of drive at all it is a wedge shot against the wind to the elevated green. But you must stay out of the rough, for the green is hard to hold from a bad lie. It is very narrow—much of it only 25 feet wide or less—and is usually lost.

There is not a better hole for a gallery than the 18th. Thousands of people can sit and watch from the big natural amphitheater on the left and at the back of the green. It is a wonderful place to finish an Open, and a setting that enhances the tournament.

If I had to pick the kind of golfer who will win this Open, I would say he will be one who drives accurately—length is not an important factor—who hits his irons high and softly, so as to hold the small greens, and who is proficient at playing the wedge out of long grass around the greens.

The best way I can describe Olympic is as a Ben Hogan kind of golf course. I can think of nothing more exciting than to see Ben win here, where he came so close in 1955. Well, that isn't exactly true. I know one thing that would be personally more exciting—winning myself. I love Olympic. I know it well. And, most important of all, I feel it suits my game. So much for the analysis. It's time for the action. **END**

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→ARROW←

How did he bring himself to do it? In the current issue of *Harper's*, **Robert Murray**, the Cleveland newspaperman who sailed the Atlantic in a 13-foot, 30-year-old boat, says his dream of three decades was possible because his wife Virginia "granted me the boon of self-realization. . . . I'd seen too many men whose lives were hemmed in by strict adherence to the conventional demands of business or profession or marriage; too many lives made pallid by the fear of being different, of being criticized. The pressure to conform that pervades our society has a basically useful function, I suppose, but I wonder if it isn't [so] interne . . . that it stifles the freedom of living that gives birth to happiness."

Both of them out of the new cabinet and with time to spare, two of Charles de Gaulle's ex-ministers, Finance's **Valéry Giscard d'Estaing** and Youth and Sport's **Maurice Herzog**, arose early in Chamonix, hiked a police helicopter and hitched a lift to the icy summit of nearby Mont Blanc. There, at 15,771 feet, (below), the two strapped

on skis and pushed off headlong down the sheer and perilous North Face—a descent on skis accomplished but once before, and then only by Mountaineer Lionel Terray (who climbed Annapurna with Herzog in 1950). After an exhilarating 3½-hour dash down the mountain, the skiers picked up the helicopter waiting conveniently below and were back in Chamonix in time for lunch. Said Herzog casually: "It wasn't convenient or easy, but there is nothing more beautiful or impressive than skiing in the very high Alps."

It figures, doesn't it, that an undersize boy from Bugtussle, Okla. would go out for the wrestling team once he got up to The University at Norman? And that's precisely what Congressman **Carl Albert** did back in 1927, long before he became House Majority Leader. Albert, fiercely competitive, might have made the flyweight big time, too, Oklahoma Intramural Director **Paul Keen** was saying the other day when Albert came back to lecture at OU. He might—except for **Marvin (Kid) Leach**, a chemical engineer in

Texas who, in those days, was the conference 112-pound champion. "Albert was a leader and a good influence," said Keen, "but he could never dislodge that Kid Leach." Carl Albert, as a result, lowered his sights from the varsity and became an intramural wrestler instead.

The eloquent advertisement in the Dominican Republic newspapers urged everybody to turn out and vote in last week's national election (the third free election in a century) in order to "bring peace for all so that we can have revolution without blood." The plea was signed by San Francisco Pincher (and home-grown hero) **Juan Marichal** who, perhaps mindful of the good example he ought to be setting, has not bloodied an opponent with a baseball bat all season long.

"Wham! saw beauty in a man sawing a plank in two. I think a track meet is as poetic as anything you could get." And that, said poet **James Dickey**, a National Book Award winner this spring, was the substance of his belief that "no human endeavor is alien to poetry." Which does not mean, Dickey told students at Rice University, that poets themselves are qualified to run the world. "Because someone has done something in one field, people believe he should be good in another," he said. "They think because Arnold Palmer can play golf Arnold Palmer can tell you what to wear, or because Frank Sinatra can sing he can tell you how to vote." True, if James Dickey were not already a poet, he too might presume to tell others what to do: "I think I'd really like to be a high school football or track coach."

As the guest of Islamic authorities in Cairo, **Cassius Clay** was given a 50-disc recording of the Koran, plus the promise that 20 fellowships would be awarded annually to deserving Black Muslims wishing to study Mos-

lem culture in Egyptian schools. He also was received by U.A.R. President **Gamal Abdel Nasser**. Clay spread the word his aim at life was to hold onto the heavyweight championship for another decade, and after that—who knows?—maybe a movie career in the *Arabian Nights* motif. Showing an aptness for such a calling, Cassius, on a visit to the pyramids, ad-libbed a scenario complete with pursuit by desert bandits, thirst, exhaustion—and last-minute rescue by a friendly passer-by, a role played obligingly (below) by a pyramid guide.

Presented an 8½-foot fiberglass fly rod in connection with Pennsylvania's forthcoming "Let's Go Fishing Week," Governor **William W. Scranton** switched the handsome instrument back and forth and remarked, "I'm going to have plenty of time to use this." Say, did that portend something? Maybe right. Two hours later at a news conference Governor Scranton surprisingly declared himself unequivocally *hors d'combat* from any state or national elective office, henceforth and forevermore.



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HARNESS RACING / Robert Cantwell

Bret's revenge was sweet

Setting up this week's rubber match and again drawing swarms of new trotting fans, Bret Hanover won his second race with Cardigan Bay

A lot of people who ordinarily are not much interested in watching harness races—and that sometimes includes grooms, drivers, trainers and others of the trotting establishment—are profoundly interested in watching the current series between Cardigan Bay and Bret Hanover. Last week, when these two met for the second time, at Roosevelt Raceway, the general public in the stands was enthralled, and the expert horsemen in the paddock area, who would not be stirred by anything remotely routine, were spellbound.

A big share of the public present had never seen a harness race before and came simply because Cardigan and Bret are the two fastest pacing horses in the world. In addition, they are such sharp contrasts that there is something elementary about their rivalry: you can understand it without knowing what the word pacing means. Cardigan is a 10-year-old gelding from New Zealand, all battered and patched up, a miraculous survivor of innumerable racing misadventures. Bret is a sleek, handsome, crowd-loving 4-year-old with a record equally impressive to neophyte and expert. When they met for the first time at Yonkers Raceway three weeks ago (51, May 30), the crowd that filled the place to capacity was also notable for the number of newcomers. Last Saturday night at Roosevelt it was the same sort of crowd, with a minor difference. It was bigger. Probably never before have so many new fans joined the enthusiasts of the sport in such a brief time. And there will be many more newcomers for the third meeting at Philadelphia's Liberty Bell Park on Saturday.

The lonely eminence of Cardigan Bay and Bret Hanover had become conspicuous before their first race, but part of the shock of that race was the revelation that Bret had so formidable a companion up

there. Stanley Dancer, who bought Cardigan Bay in New Zealand and drove him to victory in that first meeting (only the fourth defeat in Bret's career), was asked how he would compare his horse with the great American pacers of the past. "I think Bret is the greatest horse we've ever produced in America," Dancer said, "and Cardigan Bay had to be good to beat him."

Race No. 2 was entitled the Revenge Pace, a mile race with a \$50,000 purse, win betting only. Three added starters attracted no attention whatsoever. There were 37,423 paying spectators at Roosevelt on a mild summery night. Many of them were wearing I'M FOR BRET or I'M FOR CARDIGAN BAY badges that were distributed at the track gates. Big signs were carried around by cheering squads, like those displayed at Mets baseball games. SENIOR CITIZENS FOR CARDIGAN BAY! read one, and another said, BRET BY 5 LENGTHS—WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT? Then there were the cheerleaders, eight trim little women, two teams of four, wearing the colors of the rival stables. The two horses, however, appeared to be the least vengeful principals ever involved in a grudge fight. During the long afternoon before the race, nearly everybody even remotely connected with the contestants slept, and Bret and Cardigan dozed in their stalls on opposite sides of the same stable, exuding boredom. Cardigan appeared more homely than majestic. "I was disappointed the first time I saw him in New Zealand," Dancer said. "A \$100,000 horse—you know, you expect something outstanding in appearance."

Bret was a shade less placid, but looked more like a horse who had won 48 of his 52 races (finishing second the other four times) and \$617,137. He has equaled the world record of 1:55 for the mile on a mile track, and holds the record of

continued

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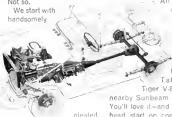
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HARNESS RACING

1:57 on a half-mile track. That is undoubtedly why a poll of drivers in the paddock before the race showed that 18 of 28 thought Bret would win. Their majority opinion was somewhat weakened by the fact that they also thought he should have beaten Cardigan Bay the first time. Some were openly critical of Bret's driver, the 61-year-old Frank Ervin. They said he was outsmarted by 38-year-old Stanley Dancer.

Ervin is a friendly, quiet individual with 45 years of racing experience, an outdoorsman who loves to hunt on his Florida acres. But his closest friends admit he is acutely sensitive to criticism. When asked at Roosevelt if his appraisal of Bret Hanover's condition would determine his strategy, Ervin coughed politely and said, "He is in excellent condition, and he does whatever you ask him to." As for the strategy of a race, it is determined the instant the starting gate pulls away. "I have my own plan for this race, but I'm not going to be egged into revealing what it is. It will be apparent when the race is run."

It was. When the race started, those drivers not competing lined the rail in the paddock area in silent concentration. Somebody said in a dry voice, "He's getting them away fast," as the starting gate shot ahead and the wings folded back. For the first time in Bret's career, Ervin used the whip to get his pacer away fast and on top. The pattern of the race was established. Presently another voice said of the first quarter, "Exactly 29." Ervin had Bret on the rail, with Stanley Dancer trying to get Cardigan around the other horses on the outside—almost the reverse of the situation in the first race. Bret held the lead. The horsemen along the rail were now shouting with the enthusiasm of the wearers of 1914 ion war badges. At the half, when Cardigan again moved up and Bret again pulled ahead, an exultant voice was shouting over and over, "Oh, no, you don't! Not tonight you don't!"

The finish was an anticlimax, with a 30-to-1 shot, Rex Pack, coming in behind Bret to take second place from a frustrated Cardigan by three-quarters of a length. When the spotlight focused on Bret in the winner's circle the public-address system intoned, "Ladies and gentlemen, you are looking at the greatest pacer in the history of the world." No one around the paddock raised any objections.

END

"You kids are
spoiling me."

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The invasion of Jeremy Flint

A 37-year-old handsome blond sex-footer from England is now at the halfway point of his six-month assault on the American world of bridge, and the results thus far are impressive. Jeremy Flint was a member of last year's British International Team and of several others that have represented Britain in big league competition. Here on a visitor's visa, he hopes to compile such an outstanding record of victories that he will be able to launch a new system, teach it in a chain of schools and make a fortune for himself and his backers.

In the U.S., Flint has been playing with Peter Pender, and they have won

several regional championships, including the Men's Pairs and Open Teams in Richmond and the Masters Pairs in Nashville. They finished second in the Men's Teams at the spring nationals in Louisville.

Unfortunately for Flint, what little publicity their victories have received has gone primarily to Pender because, as an American, he is better known here. In addition, Flint is handicapped as a lecturer by a British accent that many Americans find more difficult to understand than the Russian accent that was such an asset to Ely Culbertson. Finally, as a potential third strike, there is

the fact that playing so often does not leave Flint time for the kind of work essential to building public acceptance.

He is an ingenious theorist who contributed many ideas to Terence Reese's monstrously artificial Little Major. The system he will sponsor here is far simpler, but it will include one of the artificial conventions that has been widely accepted in other systems. The Flint Convention is a means of stopping at three of a major when partner opens with two no trump. Normally, since any response to two no trump is considered forcing, you cannot bid three spades with some such hand as ♠ 9 7 6 5 4 2, ♥ 6 2, ♦ 4 3 2, ♣ 3 2. You can pass two no trump, and probably be set, or you can bid three spades and end up in four and be defeated most of the time at *rub* contract.

Flint's solution is an artificial three-diamond response that commands partner to bid three hearts. If responder's hand is like the above example, he cor-



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roets to three spades, and the opener is expected to pass. If responder's hand really includes a heart suit, he passes the three-heart rebid.

One trouble with the convention is that this situation does not come up very often. Another is that sometimes the opener has such an exceptional fit that game is indeed makable. To cover this contingency, Flint added a few special gadgets that make possible results as spectacular as the following:

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NORTH
 ♠ A K J 4
 ♥ A K 6 3
 ♦ A 6
 ♣ Q 8 1

WEST
 ♠ Q 9 8 7
 ♥ J
 ♦ K 9 5 4
 ♣ K 9 6 2

EAST
 ♠ 5
 ♥ Q 9
 ♦ J 10 8 3
 ♣ A J 10 7 5 3

SOUTH
 ♠ 10 6 3 2
 ♥ 10 8 7 5 4 2
 ♦ Q 7 2
 ♣

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
3 N T	PASS	7 ♣	PASS
4 N T	PASS	3 ♠	PASS
5 ♣	PASS	6 ♣	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: 2 of clubs

The three-diamond bid was a command to North to bid three hearts, but North had the exceptional hand that permits a different response. His three no trump bid announced strong four-card support for both majors. Suddenly South's mouse of a hand became a potential lion and he roared into action with an unusual jump—a void-showing bid expressing mild interest in slam. That told North that every card except his queen of clubs was pure gold, so North bid six hearts. South corrected to six spades to gain the advantage of playing a 4-4 fit and to permit possible vital discards from the North hand on the heart suit.

South capped his optimistic bidding with a fine safety play—and a very necessary one. He ruffed the opening club lead, led the 10 of spades, and when West covered with the queen he let West hold the trick. This left South in complete control. He could afford to win West's shift to a diamond, ruff a second club and lead his last trump. South's remaining diamonds were discarded as North drew the trumps, and six heart tricks added up to the slam. **END**



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TENNIS / Paul Ress

A Russian serves a warning

Alex Metreveli upsets Dennis Ralston in the French nationals to signal the arrival of a new power

On the red-clay tennis courts of the Bois de Boulogne in Paris two weeks ago a young Russian from the University of Georgia named Alexander Metreveli upset the top-ranked tennis player of the U.S., Dennis Ralston, in the French international championships. Metreveli has a soft southern drawl, but it's a Soviet southern drawl. He hails from Tbilisi (formerly Tiflis), not Atlanta—and he's a third-year journalism major at the University of Georgia, Soviet branch.

When 21-year-old Metreveli took the center court against the supremely confident Ralston, it was another combat between David and Goliath. David was the second-best tennis player in the Soviet Union, a country where only 60,000

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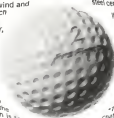
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then some. But we didn't stop just by giving our balls new fancy numbers. Inside we've changed the rubber winding and the adhesion to the winding. Outside we've covered each steel center with a lasting new finish.

Whatever you do, be honest with yourself about how hard you hit a ball. Real honest. Ask your pro which First Flight he thinks is best for your game. But remember when you play it, let the foursome in front of you get out an extra 15 yards before you tee off.

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TENNIS

persons play the game. Goliath was the distilled product of 8,500,000 American tennis players. Naturally the crowd was for Metreveli. (Who wants to root for Goliath?) Besides, Metreveli has a pleasing personality and a handsome appearance. He is 5 feet 10, weighs 165 pounds, has close-cropped brown hair, brown eyes and a clear complexion. He also speaks good English. On the court in Paris, he never lost his sure-footed, something that could not have been said about the young Russian when he first began playing in tournaments.

Metreveli hit his first tennis ball at 11 in the Tiflis Dynamo Club and reached the junior finals at Wimbledon six years later. He came to Paris on "illustrious unknown," as the French say, but smart boys stopped referring to him as Metreveli Goldwyn Mayer when he easily won his first three matches. Among his victims were the sometime British Davis Cupper Roger Taylor and Marty Mulligan of Australia, one of the top clay-court players in the world. When Metreveli had beaten Mulligan 3-6, 6-1, 6-3, 6-3, the South African player, Abe Segal, remarked: "That's a fantastic upset. If any one had told me five years ago that the Russians would be this good in 1966, I never would have believed it."

Ralston didn't believe it either and predicted that his match against the Georgian would be a simple straight set affair. It nearly was, but Dennis-the-evening married to win one set. Metreveli trounced Ralston 8-6, 2-6, 6-1, 6-3. After the match point the self-restrained Metreveli let himself go and whooped for joy. The 5,000 spectators stood up and cheered.

The London Times correspondent, Geoffrey Green, was ecstatic: "This day Metreveli made more friends than even he would ever have thought of. Relaxed, well-mannered, he produced something out of context for many other players—a rolled backhand passing shot. Apart from Roy Emerson, none of the present right-hand crop can produce this stroke. It was a fine match. Ralston and Metreveli—West and East—met each other purely. The Russian produced two strokes worthy of winning any title. A feathery backhand drop shot took him to match point, then a sizzling backhand cross-court drive gave him victory. Here was not only talent but character. The Russian tennis players are on their way."

Russian tennis on its way? A decade

continued

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Jean-Pierre Filipinetti drives a Mercedes 600—but Ford's LTD made him say: "It's incredible. The Ford is quieter."

On a recent tour of Europe, Ford's Quiet Man invited the owners of some of the world's most luxurious automobiles to test the quiet of the new Ford.

Jean-Pierre Filipinetti, a young Swiss importer-exporter, found the invitation particularly intriguing. His father's 9th century castle, the Chateau Grendson, houses a collection of over eighty classic cars. As a yardsick for the Ford LTD, Filipinetti chose a 1965 Mer-



cedes-Benz 600 sedan, \$14,000 in Germany.

On a quiet stretch of highway, Filipinetti drove both cars, listened carefully. "It's incredi-

ble," he said, "the Ford is quieter." He was especially delighted with the Ford's optional Stereo-Tape System that plays over seventy minutes of fine music. No wonder he said: "It's so 'sweet' this car. Everything is so right."

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TENNIS continued

ago tennis was about as well known and popular in the Soviet Union as bicycle racing is in the U.S. today. But when the Russians undertake something in space or in sports, they do it methodically and scientifically. At every tournament—Forest Hills, Wimbledon or Roland Garros Stadium in Paris—Soviet cameramen filmed the best American and Australian players in action. For years Soviet youth conscientiously studied Western players' styles. In 1958 the U.S.S.R. cautiously entered players in the Wimbledon junior competition, and the following year they competed in the men's singles. Every year since then the Russians have been participating with growing regularity in the major and the minor international tennis championships, picking up a lot of experience, if very few trophies. Metreveli's victory over Ralston is Russia's biggest tennis triumph to date.

"There are 2,500 tennis courts in the Soviet Union today," said Viktor Kollegorski, secretary-general of the Soviet tennis federation, "and we are building them at the rate of 300 a year. Most of them are clay courts, but we plan to construct some wooden indoor ones. We have 400 tennis teachers, some of them former players, others graduates of our physical educational institutes. If we are making good progress, and we think we are, it is because of our three-point national tennis program. First, we start with boys and girls of 10 or 11. Secondly, we insist that they practice other sports and keep in superb physical condition. Thirdly, we emphasize offensive play, a fast, strong attack. We don't allow defensive players who play pit-pat tennis in our national championship."

Watching Metreveli play, one would think that the Soviets have adopted English tennis terms. "Out," he warns his doubles partner, Sergei Likachev. But that is just the influence of the Western surroundings. "At home," says Kollegorski, "we cry 'za.' Fifteen years ago very few Russians played tennis, and they used foreign words like game and set. Not anymore."

So far as veteran tennis reporters could remember, no Soviet player has ever before played in the quarter-finals of a major Western tournament, as Metreveli did in Paris. Unhappily for Soviet hopes, Metreveli then bumped into the powerful Australian, Tony Roche. It was their first encounter this year. "I beat Metreveli the

continued



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TENNIS (continued)

first time in Italy 6-1, 6-2," Roche recalled. "The second time, also in Italy, he was tougher. The score was 6-0, 6-1, 7-5. Metreveli must be improving, because at Roland Garros he won the first set 7-5 before I took him 6-3, 6-1, 7-5." Roche might have added that Metreveli, after trailing love-3 in the fourth set, made it 5-4 and 40-30 in his own favor and then lost the set point which would have tied the match. Metreveli gave Roche a good scare.

Honorably defeated in the singles quarter-finals, Metreveli teamed up in the doubles with the third-ranking Soviet player, Sergei Likachev. Logically, they should not have even gotten to the quarter-finals, because in their way were last year's doubles champions, Emerson and Fred Stigil. But in an upset quite as astounding as his four-set crushing of Ralston, Metreveli and Likachev soundly defeated Emerson and Stigil in four sets. They had no trouble reaching the semi-finals, thrashing the British team of Bobby Wilson and Mike Sangster in straight sets, but then were defeated in five sets by the somewhat surprising Rumanian team of Ion Tiriac and Ilie Nastase.

If Ralston couldn't see the Russians as a serious threat. "No, not even in five years!"—Tony Roche was a lot less sure. "Those Russians are in top-top condition. They don't horse around, and they're improving all the time. Their big handicap is that they don't yet play in enough international tournaments. If they do start playing the whole circuit, then they could very well become a real threat."

Playing the whole circuit is a problem, however. Last year, for example, Metreveli and Tomas Iqjov were scheduled to play in the U.S. Nationals at Forest Hills and then go on to the Australian grass circuit during the winter to gain valuable international experience. But, due to the situation in Vietnam, both were withdrawn from the competition at the last moment.

However, politics will not indefinitely keep Metreveli and the other Russians from becoming a threat to Australian and U.S. tennis supremacy. Asserts George MacCall, the captain of the U.S. Davis Cup team, "I have watched the Russians play tennis now for three years, and they are unquestionably making progress."

Even Dennis Ralston should be willing to concede them that much. **END**



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Ugliest day for Army

Navy's champions went to battle against Army wearing pictures of hideous monsters, but they played the game picture-pretty

It would be easy to assume that Navy's lacrosse team, which plays like it is almost perfect, is an athletic embodiment of the perfectly regimented and perfectly drilled Naval Academy Midshipmen. Forget it. Last Saturday Navy won its seventh straight national lacrosse championship by defeating Army 16-7, and it did it just the way it has since 1960—by being irreverent, by being boys at play, by being Willis P. Bilderback and His Merrie Men.

Navy won with an overpowering display of strength, depth and tactics, and could hardly have looked more natural doing it. "This just isn't a normal Academy athletic team," says Navy's captain, Owen McFadden. "There is something different about playing lacrosse for Navy." There certainly seems to be.

When Wayne Hardin's Navy football team used to play Army, he would drive the Cadets to distraction with slogans on helmets or other such gimmicks. The lacrosse Midshipmen were up to their own hand of that kind of thing last week as

they came to West Point with a national championship at stake. All of them wore Ugly Stickers on their helmets. Ugly Stickers, pictures of terrible monsters, are a whole lot more camp than Wayne Hardin's ideas, being obtained for 5¢ in a bubble-gum pack. And what this country needs is a good St. Ugly Sticker.

None of this is to suggest that the Navy lacrosse players are some kind of undisciplined crew of athletic bums. It is just that there is more of Mr. Roberts than Horatio Hornblower in them. They are good students and neat, but also very dedicated athletes. Attackman Jimmie Lewis (SI, May 30), who may be the best lacrosse player of this era, was so keyed up about the Army game that he did not even bother to check his grades. "If I fail anything, they'll let me know," Lewis said.

The personality of this unusual team can be credited in large part to its coach, Bill Bilderback, and his assistants. The dual Navy lacrosse traditions of winning and laughing both stem from Bilderback.

By Frank Deford

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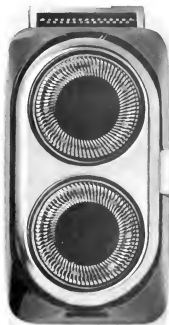


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A little, unassuming man, his baggy pants are forever slung too low, enveloping his shoes as he shuffles up and down the sidelines. Yet, with the abdication of Red Auerbach of the Boston Celtics, Bilderback's seven straight championships is the current record in major athletics. Bilderback did not get a chance to become a head coach until he was 49. Now, at 57, he is the most successful one around. "Bidy's the only guy I know who's nice and a winner, too," Navy Midfielder Howie Crisp said one day.

But Bilderback's congeniality is merely a front for his diligence. Scouting Army early this season, he caught pneumonia. He retreated to bed with a high temperature immediately after Navy beat Johns Hopkins, but was up watching game movies a few hours later.

Bilderback has a whole phalanx of assistants who help him with everything, including morale. The senior two of them, Lou (Buster) Phipps and Tommy Dorsey, set the pace for things on the way up to West Point. To loosen up the players at a Howard Johnson's stop-over, Phipps and Dorsey exploded firecrackers and burned capsules that turn into foul-smelling "snakes." They also loosened up the other customers. Phipps then donned a Batman helmet, and the team continued north.

The Midshipmen went into Saturday's game with only a 12-11 loss to the Mount Washington Lacrosse Club marring their record. When Army later beat Mount Washington, hopes were raised that Navy could be upset by Army. Certainly, no one expected the rout that ensued. "It did not even seem like an Army-Navy game," Lewis said later. "It was so easy."

The Navy attack, headed by Lewis and McFadden, is one of the strongest in years, and Army decided to gear its defensive game to stopping it. To do so, Coach Jim (Ace) Adams had his defense pick up and pressure the Navy attackers far out from the goal. Lewis particularly was subject to tight guarding, practically from midfield. By spreading the Navy attack, however, Army also spread its defense through the middle, which any general knows is dangerous.

Jimmy Lewis set the pattern for the game within the first three minutes. Navy was short a man because of a penalty, and Lewis was trying to freeze the ball. Nonetheless, Army double-teamed him. Lewis saw Midfielder Phil Norton

continued



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when they were rubber bands."



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LACROSSE continued

breaking free through the middle some 30 yards away. He hit Norion with a pass, who in turn fed McFadden for a score. The weakness in the Army middle had been spotted, and Navy took advantage of it. McFadden's goal was the only one scored by a Navy attackman until well into the third period. Indeed, the attack shot only five times in the first half, while the midfield was making six goals on nine shots. Lewis himself did not even maneuver into shooting position until Navy was leading 11-3. In all, Navy midfielders scored 11 times, led by sophomore John McIntosh with three goals.

It was ironic that the Navy midfield played such a significant role, for it was Army's first midfield that was rated as



A SAMPLE OF THE MIDDIE MONSTERS

the best in the country. Headed by Captain Frank Kobes, a nine-letter man at West Point, it was the clement of the Army team that Bilderback feared most. As it was, Navy simply wore out Army's best. Navy had used five different midfields by early in the second half.

"Teams come to scout us," says the Rev. Mr. James Lewis, a former All-America and now the resident liar Turk on Bilderback's staff, "and they write down all the names very carefully. Then, when we play them, all of a sudden we're running in a new bunch from somewhere." McIntosh is typical of this. He had scored only two goals prior to the Army game.

McIntosh was cutting a huge devil's food cake in the locker room after the game. Actually, his birthday was the previous week, but, he said: "I was restricted, I was a bad boy. I threw a firecracker into some guy's room."

It is tough to beat the Navy at lacrosse. They have Bilderback, they drink beer after devil's food cake, they throw firecrackers, and they come through your middle with Ugly Stickers. **END**

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self-starters on the cars, seems equally unlikely.

The most probable change is to a two-by-two starting lineup—with strict control over the anxious drivers in back. The traditional pace lap would not be eliminated. However, there would be an extra prerace lap, after the pace car has pulled out of the way, during which the pole-position driver would get the field up to a higher speed and into the same running gear so that further acceleration would be roughly even.

The drivers themselves agree that their one big fear is that first lap. The pressures of Indy start long before the track opens May 1 and build steadily toward the big moment.

Jimmy Clark, an open critic of this drawn-out system, says, "These boys spend the whole month inside this wire fence. They work on their cars around the clock—which senses them. They meet together constantly. They drink together, eat together and talk about Indy. Talk, talk, talk, until it is an obsession."

"The drivers," Gurney agrees, "are psyched right out of business. But don't let those foreign drivers tell you they are immune. Jimmy was so disturbed one day he threw a wrench at a mechanic. He is affected like everyone else."

But, short of installing slots on the track and running the race by remote control, what is to keep the eager-beaver drivers in check?

"I'll tell you what," says Andretti, speaking as the fastest man of the season. "The people who run Indy must really punish the man found out of position at the start. The penalty has to be severe enough to stick. Say you pull a guy out of racing for six months or a year—suspend him. It is his living, and he'll do like you say. And then you'll see 33 cars come up to the start like they're supposed to be."

Rodger Ward agrees. "Let's assume we could pinpoint the blame for this year's crash on someone," he says. "If the steward was able to say, 'Sir, you will now undergo a one-year suspension,'

you would see some drivers exercise a little more caution."

"Unless we put these people under control," says Gurney, "fewer and fewer owners are going to want to race at Indy. They won't be able to afford Indy, to risk their huge investments on an unsanctioned drag race down the main straightaway. They will simply stay away."

The perils of the first lap were enough to make a new elder racing statesman of Ward, who drove through the tangle and decided it would be his last trip. "Maybe it's because my age [45] won't let me gamble," he said when it was over. "But the start of the accident came right beside me. I saw Foster go into the wall. I saw that he had some help getting there. And I simply had to drive in there and take my medicine with everyone else." At the awards banquet the next evening, Ward made a short but effective speech. "I promised myself the day this stopped being fun, I would quit," he said. "Well, yesterday it stopped being fun." **END**



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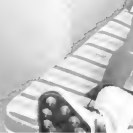




Each year thousands of unknown golfers try to qualify for the U.S. Open, and some succeed. This is the story of one of them, a country-club pro from Michigan City, Ind. named George Thomas (right), who had long dreamed of 'teeing it up' in the game's greatest tournament but never really expected that one June day he would be sharing the Bellerive Country Club locker room with—and competing against—players like Jack Nicklaus

BY JOHN UNDERWOOD

A NOBODY AT THE OPEN





He didn't look it, but George Thomas was 40 years old, and he had been making a living as a golf professional for 13 years. A pro at a small country club in Indiana where it used to be a fellow took his golf clubs out on the course and somebody would run yelling to one of the members, "Hey, hey, some guy's out there playing on your golf course!" A living. He hustled golf balls and Arnold Palmer shirts and rented out electric carts and, as the membership became aware of his genius for teaching, he gave 200 lessons a year, at \$4.50 per, and with all that he could net seven, eight thousand dollars tops. That was it.

So in the winter and in the evenings during the summer George Thomas filled little brown bottles with little blue capsules and made chocolate sodas for the clientele at the Central Drug on Franklin Street in Michigan City. He said the secret was to emulsify the ice

cream. Stick that spoon in there real good and grind the ice cream down. He said four years of pharmaceutical school at Purdue University and you, too, could learn to count pills to 100 and make a good chocolate soda. Being a druggist was worth \$5,000 a year. George Thomas did it with his left hand. It kept his wife and four growing boys in middle-class clover.

Clover was a tidy red ranch-style house bordering, backyard-to-apron, the 5th green of the Long Beach Country Club, where Club Pro Thomas had earned the friendship of a lot of rich people with his modest *esprit* and his faculty for taking the bends out of their tee shots. Long Beach is a cosmopolitan town for successful Chicago businessmen. Hard by Lake Michigan, it does not get much relief from the winter in March and April. The wind still rips in from the lake, and if it is not snowing it is probably June. Nevertheless, every

morning at dawn in this his 40th year, George Thomas was out there behind his house striking golf balls. An hour, an hour and a half. *Click. Click. Click. Click.* Sweet, unrinkled, instruction-booklet, any-pro-would-be-proud-of-it swing. And then he would go up to the club and, if the weather was had enough, he would round up his one-legged buddy, Bill Stanley, who had a fancy house right on the lake, and they would con two more fools into a match. (If the weather was good, George had to stick around the tiny pro shop, signing out cars and collecting greens fees and telling the women members how nice their golf swings looked and how nice they looked, too, come to think of it.)

George and Bill would put on their rubberized golf suits and grab their hand warmers and go out and play 18 holes, or 27 or 36. Sometimes Bill Stanley's shots strayed too close to a water hazard and his wooden leg would slip into the freezing water, but this would not stop them. On the other hand, if his good leg got wet and started to freeze up, this would not stop them either. Nothing short of double pneumonia would stop them. To play, that was the thing, and to play with George Thomas in particular, because George could shoot a 64, and he knew why he could shoot a 64. "It's the rhythm that counts," he would say. "I know it sounds wild, but think of *The Blue Danube Waltz*. Hum the tune to yourself as you swing. 'One, two, three, hit . . . so clear, and blue . . .'"

Then in the evenings George would drive into Michigan City, where he grew up and was a very good athlete and where early rivals called him "hunky" and "guano" because they did not know how else to slander a Lebanese boy. From 6 to closing time he whipped up prescriptions and sold eye shadow to sad-faced teen-age girls, helping old Morrie Mitnick through another long day at the Central Drug. George and Morrie used to be partners. The neighborhood was not Beverly Hills. They fought shoplifters and addicts together.

And late at night when the four boys were scrubbed and kissed and Barbara,

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICH CLARSON



By day, Thomas ran his pro shop at Long Beach Country Club.



And by night, he was alone at Central Drug selling pills and chocolate sodas.

his wife, had put them to bed, George Thomas would take out his flat-blade putter with the center spot carefully marked with a groove and dump a big box of balls onto the floor. He would line up beside the credenza in the dining room and aim 25 feet across the beige rug to the third leg of the piano in the living room. He banged 100 balls a night into that piano leg. He hunched over his putter for 45 minutes at a time, until his back ached. He varied his shoes. No table leg was safe. "Someday I'd like to tee it up in the U.S. Open," he told Barbara. He told her that over and over.

But there was a streak of pessimism in George Thomas. He believed his fate to be the sand traps of life, not the fairways. He had been a hotshot athlete in high school, but then he had to go off in a B-17 to drop bombs on Germany. When he came back three years later he got a scholarship to Purdue as a 159-pound quarterback, and he found he was not a hotshot anymore. He played on the meatball squad. He sat on the bench. A sympathetic Purdue coach told him he ought to pull out for a school that would appreciate him. His friend John McKay did. McKay quit and went to Oregon and got an All-America mention and became head coach at USC. But George stuck it out on the meatball squad four years and disliked every minute of it. When he was older he would call it a matter of guts.

He studied pharmacy when he felt he should have been in medical school. He studied golf harder. "If I had applied myself to pharmacy like I did to golf, I would be another Louis Pasteur," he said. But he barely made the Purdue golf team, and when the team went to the NCAA tournament George was not asked to go along. He stayed behind and won the amateur division of the Fort Wayne Open.

Now he was rolling balls into a table leg in his living room in the early spring and examining what he considered to be his uninterrupted unsuccessful. He examined it with clinical detachment, as one explores under the hood of a defunct automobile.



Every evening he would pick out a table leg and stroke putt after putt.

"I have never arrived at anything," he said. "I reach a certain level, a certain plateau, and then I can't crack the barrier. I keep trying, because that's the way I am. You can't stop trying. Hell, I applied for medical school when I was 33 years old. Maybe I have too much confidence in my ability without having that little bit of superability that makes the difference. You suppose?"

"I think I am a good teacher. People say I am. Let me teach you golf and I will be your friend for life. But I have never proved on a golf course the things I know as a teacher."

He sat down on the sofa, the putter between his knees. "I have always been the kid who grew up in the job. I have always had the feeling. Who would want me? Who would want a guy named George Thomas? I tried a course at Gary awhile, and for one horrible summer I was at the Boning Dundee club near Chicago. I always came back. One time I applied for a really good job and was accepted, and then after all that I didn't have the guts to take it. You get so comfortable in your own little world, your own group of people. Safe is the word for it."

"I would love to have made the tour. I think I might have done something. But I never had that angel, you know?"

That guy who comes up to you and says, 'George, I'd like to sponsor you on the tour.' With just a little incentive I would have tried it. I really would have tried it. It's only been the last 10 years or so young pros have been getting that kind of help. Maybe I was born 10 years before my time."

Unable to practice regularly, George Thomas seldom played in a tournament. Once he was runner-up in the Indiana PGA. He played in the Phoenix Open while on a vacation with Barbara. He was even par after nine in the second round when he figured he was on the verge of something his nerves might not handle, so he broke off half a Miltown tablet and took it. "I had never taken any kind of drug before. My pharmacology instructor at Purdue had said never take that first dose, of anything. On the 15th hole I suddenly began to lose my coordination. I couldn't hit the ball. Not at all. What was worse, I didn't seem to care."

Nine times before his 40th year George Thomas had tried to qualify for the U.S. Open. Four years in a row he succeeded in getting past the local qualifying round into the sectional qualifying, but then he would fail by a stroke, or by two or by three. People told him he was wasting his money on entry fees and caddy fees and hotel rooms and time away from his commissions. He explained that you could not measure the magnitude of teeing it up in the U.S. Open in dollars and commissions. "It's the greatest tournament in the world, because everybody has a chance. A nobody—a nobody—could win it if he could just last through the qualifying. Next to the U.S. Open all the other big tournaments are ridiculous. You have to be in the top 10¹, of this or that to qualify. It's absurd. You have no chance. But any hacker can get into the U.S. Open if he is hitting his shots."

So now, in May of 1965, George Thomas, a flat-bellied, 5-foot 10-inch, 175-pound alumnus of the Purdue meatball squad, played the South Bend Country Club course twice in a total of 142 strokes and was low qualifier for the Open in the northern Indiana district.

continued

At night the halls creaked against the furniture legs in the Thomas living room on Oriole Trail. In the morning, when Andy McKenna went out to get the paper, he could see in the gathering light his neighbor George out in the backyard hitting golf balls.

In early June, Bill Stanley accompanied George to the sectional qualifying at the Medinah Country Club 25 miles west of Chicago. It was the toughest course Thomas had ever played. Stanley followed on foot the entire 36 holes, the stump of his left leg bleeding through his pants, as George shot a beeline of 37s—37, 37, 37, 37—for 148. On his 10th attempt, George Thomas had qualified for the U.S. Open.

Long Beach Country Club was enthused. There were congratulations for George Thomas, and friends gave him a big poster-sized good-luck card with a cartoon and all their names on it, and they slipped him an envelope with \$300 in it to help with expenses and bought him well-wishers' drinks. But George was worried. (When he is not being a very bon *bon vivant* he is being a very doubting Thomas.) He said he just had to make a good showing for their sake, that he would do anything to make the cut, just to be in that last 50, to join the elite that would play beyond the first 36 holes of the Open.

On Sunday he went to church with his family. He visited Morrie Milmack at the pharmacy and made himself a chocolate soda, and then he went around to his mother's house in Michigan City and ate raw kabbe and malfoof and Syrian bread. He sat in front of the television set and poked fun at a taped interview of a local fellow named George Thomas who was "going to carry Indiana's hopes" in the U.S. Open. "Oh, yes, yes. Oh, is that right? Well, what do you know?" he said, as if by making light of his television image he could minimize the gathering insurrection in his stomach.

Andy McKenna had a cocktail party for his pro just before George left, and presented him with a scarred-up old ball to use in the tournament. A small crowd gathered in the Thomas driveway as suitcases and golf clubs were loaded into

the car. One of the wives in the neighborhood hugged George and kissed him firmly on the cheek. "I'm going to quit treating you like a pharmacist," she said.

"For a big girl," said George, "you're very light on your feet."

The last thing he put in the car was a long, narrow box, carefully tied. He said it might be the best reason he had for going to St. Louis. Inside the box was a putter, but no ordinary putter. It was the material result of an idea that came



There were parties and even posters as he was sent off to St. Louis.

to him with the pain during those long hours on the living-room rug. He called it a "shuffle-putter." It was made of laminated wood and brass, with a cobra-shaped head and a shaft running perpendicular to and at about a 20° angle up from the club head, like a vacuum cleaner. To putt, you place the cleaner head on the ground just behind the ball, line up facing the hole and give the ball a sliding jab, shuffleboard fashion. He said it would make a good putter out of anybody, if only the USGA would approve it when he showed it to them at St. Louis.

It is eight hours by car from Michigan City, Ind. to St. Louis. For the first hour and a half George Thomas talked about the "unbelievable" send-off and the "fantastic" people who were pulling for him, and he said he did not really think it was so farfetched to believe a nobody from a little country club like Long Beach could win this thing.

"Remember Sam Parks?" he said. "He won it, and he was an unknown. And Tony Manero. Parks couldn't beat his mother-in-law, and Manero was just an average player. And remember when Jack Fleck beat Hogan? I figure it runs in a cycle: every once in a while something like this will happen. I keep thinking this will be the year of the offbeat, of the oddball, you know?"

Bellevue Country Club, the site of the '65 Open, is a beautiful 250-acre piece of Colonial extravagance that sprawls on the western rim of St. Louis. It has 500 members and snob appeal, and the pro shop at Long Beach could pretty nearly fit behind the counter of the pro shop at Bellevue. George Thomas got his first look at the club on the Monday of the tournament. He passed through the gates and down the long double drive to the contestants' parking lot, and the thing he noticed immediately was a big Red Cross tent to the left of the entrance. "Good," he said. "I just might faint on the first tee."

Everywhere there were signs, a labyrinth of signs directing people this way and that, and thousands of people going this way and that. "This is the worst part," he said as he waited in line on the carpeted floor of the clubhouse to pick up his credentials. "This getting yourself oriented. The percentage is against you if you feel lost, you know? That's the big thing, to get familiar with the place now."

When it came his turn, he said to one of the girls at the table, "Where does an alien check in?"

She gave him badges and passes and a handful of other paraphernalia and gestured to a fishbowl from which he was to pick his caddie. "Ben Johnson," he read from the little slip of paper. The girl rolled her eyes. "Oh, lucky you," she cooed. "Ben's just about the very best caddie we've got."

George smiled and thanked her, but outside he was sober again. "Gee, I hope Ben Johnson isn't disappointed he didn't get Jack Nicklaus or somebody. I was a caddie once. I know what would go through my mind if I got some guy named George Thomas." He grinned. "You know, it's a damn good thing I'm

continued

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40 years old and stuff like this doesn't bother me."

He checked the pairings. He would play the first two rounds with Bob Duden of Portland, Ore., and Dean Refram of Medinah, the club where George had qualified. Both were touring pros. He said he remembered Duden from a tournament in Fort Wayne, Ind. It was not a pleasant memory. "I had shot a 69 in the first round, and Duden said to me right out of the blue, 'How long do you think you can get away with those deep grooves in your putter?'" I think what was bothering him was that 69.

"He's been on the tour a long time. I remember he uses a funny putter. Like croquet. I think Dean Refram does, too. It's a good idea, because you can see the hole face-on, but you can't get enough power for the long puts. What a wild deal. If they let me use my shuffle-putter we will be the funniest threesome on the course."

He found his locker around a corner on the mezzanine of the lavish double-decker men's lounge. He deposited his clubs and shoes, and soon had a sample of the kind of buffet manufacturers and public-relations men spread for the touring pros. He got nine dozen Acushnet balls, six dozen Wilson balls and a Wilson bag, a pair of Etonic golf shoes, three dozen high-compression MacGregor balls and a pair of Jaymar-Ruby slacks. He piled them in his locker, picked up a scorecard and went out to mark off the course.

"Gee, what a beautiful place," he said. "I would be excited even if I weren't

going to play." He was walking down the 9th fairway, from the green back to the tee. "The big thing is to get the feel, to know where you're going, to know what club to pull out of the bag. See how sticky this grass is? Bermuda. Real tough. And it doesn't seem to be as well kept as it should be." He made extensive notes on a pad, figuring the zones he might hit to, noting trees and bushes, traps and mounds, all the time pacing off the yards.

He met his caddie, Ben Johnson, and was encouraged. Ben was lean and burnt from the sun, had white hair and wore glasses and tennis shoes, and was altogether amiable. He said he had caddied regularly at Bellerive but was now a tool-maker for an aircraft company and was just working the Open on his vacation. George apologized for not being Jack Nicklaus. Ben said that was fine with him, because who needed all those crazy fans breathing down your neck. He got George's clubs and they went out to the practice tee.

Nicklaus was already there hitting balls, and Sam Snead and Ken Venturi, the defending champion, George Thomas hesitated at the fence that separated golfers from gapers. He said he felt as though he had put his hands in a bucket of ice water. He went out anyway and set up between Nicklaus and Bob Charles. He introduced himself to Charles as the pro at Long Beach, where Charles was to play an exhibition in July. Charles gave him a perfunctory hand and went back to his work.

On his left, George could feel the whoosh of Nicklaus' practice shots. He watched out of the corner of his eye to see what club Nicklaus was using, took the same number out of his bag and began comparing distance and accuracy. He noticed with some relief that Nicklaus seemed to be hooking everything, and despite the awesome power of the man the difference in length of shots was not discouraging. "You are a swinger, not a hitter," he said to himself. "You must not get excited, because then you swing too fast and you will be hooking, too." Right off he found the groove. He began to follow one perfect shot with another.



Hopeful George showed his shuffle-putter to Aes Dea, but the verdict was an.

Ben Johnson nodded approval. "He's got a beautiful swing. He has all the shots, and he marks off a course as good as anybody I've seen. I feel very good about George Thomas."

George got in two practice rounds before the tournament. Both he and Ben Johnson had notebooks and frequently compared them. Ben had caddied for Nicklaus two days before, and George kept asking, "Where was Nicklaus on this hole? What club did he use here?" By George's tabulation, Bellerive was 1,000 yards longer than the Long Beach course. "The thing I must not do," he said to his caddie, "is magnify the toughness of this course in my mind." He said he was not nervous, but he was not relaxed, either. Then, on his second day of practice, he went out in a threesome with Chi Chi Rodriguez, the little Puerto Rican who has the muscles of a sparrow but bats with incredible power.

Rodriguez is a birthday party on a golf course. He hits balls off the tops of paper cups, and does fandangoes on the green after a birdie. Some of his fellow pros think he is too much, but he wins money on the tour and the fans love him. He was an elixir for George Thomas. A big crowd followed them around, and no one could be relaxed very long. Chi Chi made book on his shots with the gallery; he flipped balls out of sand traps with his left hand. He chatted endlessly, and he found a friend in George Thomas. He told George he liked his grip. "You are one of the few country-club pros who has a nice grip," he said. When they had played 18, Chi



Caddie Ben Johnson was just as glad that George Thomas wasn't Nicklaus.



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Chi asked George to go another nine. George was delighted. He was also delighted that he had been able to match Chi Chi almost shot for shot.

"You know, George," Chi Chi said as they walked down the fairway, "Ben Hogan told me I am great to play with. He say to me, 'Chi Chi, you make me very loose.'"

"You know, Chi Chi," said George, "Hogan's got something there."

That afternoon George Thomas tucked the long, narrow box under his arm and went to keep an appointment with Joseph Dey, the executive director of the United States Golf Association and the man who runs the Open. In Dey's private office, George took out his club and demonstrated how it worked. Dey looked at it and shook his head. "Shuffleboard," he said. He got out a rule book and read a few passages. George sat there as if hearing an accounting of his sins on Judgment Day.

"No way, Mr. Dey."

"I'm sorry, George. I must protest the game. I am very sorry."

George looked down at the polished wood and brass, unable to hide his disappointment. "Well, I appreciate your seeing me."

That night he and Barbara ate spaghetti with friends at Parente's restaurant and were there until after midnight, and gradually George got over his hurt. "Mr. Dey was very nice," he said, "but I should have known, I should have known it would happen, but I kept hoping. Well, I can't let this affect me. A human being is like a barometer. To be at

his best he must be at the right barometric pressure."

"What is all this talk of pressure?" said the waiter, a skinny man with slicked-back hair and an expressive Adam's apple. He said he was a true son of Italy. He had given the table special attention when he learned George was a golf pro playing in the Open, and by midnight he had cleared the air with his demonstrations on how George was to hit the ball.

"You must keel it, George. You must hit the ball right in the knee." The waiter threw an imaginary cigarette onto an imaginary fairway and made a pantomime swing that looked like clubs falling out of a bag. "If it is dry, you will achieve great distance. But, George, tomorrow is the tournament. You must go home and get sleep and be very fit," he said.

"Walter Hagen was told that once," George said. "He was told he better get home because all his rivals were already in bed, sleeping. They may be in bed," Hagen said, "but they sure as hell ain't sleeping."

What George did not say in this effort to be casual was that he was not scheduled to tee off until 1:33 in the afternoon. He had slept seven hours when he came down to breakfast with Barbara at the motel the next morning. He had slept well and he ate big—juice, eggs, bacon—and when they drove to Bellevue it was still two hours before he was to tee off. "I must be nervous," he said. "I'm never at a tournament this early."

George went into the clubhouse to

change his clothes. In the busy locker room, Sam Snead was telling jokes to a circle of ears, and Jack Nicklaus was sitting alone in a yellow lounge chair tying his shoes.

"You suppose I should introduce myself to Nicklaus?" George said at his locker. "I think it would be a nice gesture, don't you?" His courage was congealing. "Hell, when you think about it, when I started playing he wasn't wearing long pants, I'm the one that should be King Farouk, and here I am just Phillies Cheroot." He stepped up to Nicklaus and put out his hand. "Jack, I'm George Thomas of Michigan City, Ind. I just wanted you to know. I think you're a wonderful credit to golf, and I wish you a lot of luck."

Nicklaus shook his hand warmly. "Thanks very much, George," he said.

At his locker, George said, "A real nice guy, that Nicklaus. It figures. His dad's a pharmacist. Now I ought to go see Palmer. I sell his products all the time. I give him a lot of business. Hell, he should want to talk to me." He laughed.

It was now 30 minutes to tee-off time. George Thomas was on the putting green. Ben Johnson was just arriving. Ben said he had had a flat tire. He seemed to be unnerved about it. Ben's nervousness acted as a catalyst for George, who began to calm down. He putted crisply. Then the announcer called his name.

He and Refram and Duden followed a threesome of Venturi, Bill Campbell and Gene Littler, and preceded one of Dow Finsterwald, Doug Sanders and Ray Floyd. The crush at the first tee was terrific.

"I was very conscious of the crowd," George would recall later. "I kept thinking, 'This is it, the U.S. Open, you're teeing it up in the U.S. Open.' I kept thinking, 'You've got to get that first shot down the middle, got to generate something.' I tried to be very deliberate. I was so damned nervous, everything was reflex. I didn't try to think of any one thing, like keeping my head steady, or anything like that. I just wanted to hit it and get out of there. I don't even remember if I took a practice swing."

continued



George and his wife had dinner, while Player had the first

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George Thomas' first shot in the 1965 U.S. Open was a low-biter that flew down the middle of the fairway as if drawn there with a T square and was past Refram and Duden by 10 yards. The crowd applauded. Relieved to be away, George walked rapidly down the fairway with Ben hard on his heels. He parred the hole. As he came off the green, there was Andy McKenna waiting for him.

"Nicklaus took a 6 here," he gabbled.

There are regular hole-sitters at every big tournament, and these together with the small special-interest groups—like Andy McKenna and Russ Prichs of Long Beach, Ind.—were George Thomas' gallery.

"Every second seems like a minute," George said.

"Take your time, George, take your time," Andy cooched.

George parred the first two holes, but he was underestimating his long irons, and misjudgments cost him bogeys on 3 and 4. "Well, at least you're doing a good job," he said to his lady scorekeeper. Then he birdied the 7th with a 45-foot putt and turned his head away as if it were just too brilliant to look at. "You know why I'm so excited?" he said to Andy McKenna. "A guy called me in the clubhouse. He owns a restaurant, a Syrian restaurant, right here in St. Louis. We are all going to have Lebanese food tonight."

Thomas finished the first nine in 38, three over par, and lost another stroke at 10, then picked it up with a birdie on the par-3 13th by laying a two-iron shot five feet from the cup. Russ yelled, "Your head's coming up, George, keep your head down," and Andy reported, "Hey, George, last year's Open champion is eight over par!"

Then a run of misery. He bogeyed the 14th and as the shadows lengthened on the course he three-putted the 16th for another, muttering to himself "Short, dammit, short," and rapping his putter lightly on a steel pipe. He drove into the tall grass on the right side of the 17th, a tough par-5.

"I'm asleep," he said, walking into the grass. "I'm unconscious. I've got it right here on the card: 'Play left of center on 17,' and look where I am." The

continued

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A NOBODY

hall was in a cultivated area, dug out for a tree, and he might have been given official relief on the shot, but he did not ask for it. He played it from where it was and wound up with a 7.

So he was 77 for the day, nine shots behind the leader, Kel Nagle, and somewhere in the middle of the 150-man field Nicklaus had shot a 78, Palmer a 76. The next morning's *Michigan City News-Democrat* carried this headline: THOMAS, PALMER, SEEK A SUGGESTION.

That night George got his Lebanese food at the restaurant of the man who extended the invitation. He also got the check.

It was Friday morning and Barbara Thomas was nervous. She was standing outside the ring of people around the first tee. George was to tee off at 10. "I'm not sure what to do," she said. "I don't want to bother him, but I know how he gets when he's down. He might want me to be ready to leave in two minutes if he plays poorly and misses the cut."

George came over holding a half-pint milk carton with honey in it. He predicted it would take a pair of 75s to qualify, and he felt he could do better than his 77. "The trouble is there are so many good golfers behind me who'll play better, too." He drank the honey. His thoughts wandered. "I wonder how my dad's doing running my pro shop. If I don't make the cut, I'd better get back right away."

The fifth hole at the Bellerive Country Club is the kind of pastoral scene lovers go in for on a Sunday afternoon. There are pines, trees and oak trees around the green, which happens to be the smallest on the course, and following its contours from the upper right side down to the front of the green is a pond, tranquil and innocent. The green slopes down toward the pond. The pond is as innocent as a bear trap. Thirty-nine balls were hit in there on the first day of the U.S. Open. A professional named Robert Panasuk made the green with his tee shot and then putted down the slope into the water.

By the second day, the hole was so famous for its high incidence of comedy that 2,000 people clustered around it.

continued



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On the morning of his second round, George Thomas came to the 6th hole even par. He was hitting the ball better than ever. "If he keeps it up," Ben Johnson said, "we're in." There was a delay in play at the 6th, and George was standing there waiting his turn when Gene Littler and Ken Venturi duck-hooked their tee shots away from the water, and scrambled back for a bogey and double bogey.

This is how George remembered what happened:

"When I saw Littler and Venturi absolutely take the gas on those two shots, really quit on the ball and yip it 40 yards to the left, I said to myself, 'I'll never do that, not with 2,000 people watching. I'm going right for the pin.' I hit a two-iron. The pin was up on that right side. The wind was blowing left to right. I figured, hit it for the pin and it will draw into that wind and be just right. When I hit it, it looked perfect. I remember Doug Sanders was standing right behind me with the next threesome. He had on that white outfit and those fancy shoes. I remember him because you remember everything when you are playing with the big boys. I remember he said, 'Looks like a hell of a shot.'"

"The ball bounced once, on the front edge of the green, rolled up past the hole, and then down, down, down and into the water as though it never intended to do anything else.

"It didn't shake me up. I had hit it so darn well I felt I could still come back for a 4. I hit my next shot from the drop zone, over by the tree behind the pond. A sand iron. It hit four feet from the pin, right on line, and it drew back into the water. Ben Johnson was standing there at my elbow. 'I'll be damned' he said. 'You've hit two perfect shots and you lie 5.' I couldn't believe it. I said, 'Ben, I can't believe it. How good do you have to hit the ball?'"

Thomas had a 7 on that 6th hole at Bellerive. When he finally holed out, he threw his ball into the water, underhanded, behind his back.

He was still smoldering six holes later. Then, perhaps in anger or frustration, George Thomas began to play a grade of golf which, for its excellence and while

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A NOBODY

it lasted, rivaled any in the tournament. He birdied the par-3 13th when he hit his tee shot four feet from the pin. He birdied the 14th with a 10-foot putt, and on the 456-yard 15th hole he hit his second shot, a three-wood, 35 feet to the left of the pin, and made his putt. He dropped the putter and lifted his hat to the applauding crowd.

"He's madder'n a hornet," Ben whispered as George teed off on 16. "Ain't nobody hitting it better than he is right now."

George bogeyed the 16th when he got into a bunker, but he came back on the 17th, the hole that had punished him the day before, and hit his third shot from the rough within two feet of the pin. Another birdie, his fourth in five holes. No one, not Gary Player or Jack Nicklaus, not anybody, had played those holes any better than that all week.

George finished with a 75, two strokes better than the day before. He walked swiftly off the 18th green, unrecognized by the milling people, and for a moment paused at the giant green board where the scores were being posted. "I'll never make it," he said. "Too many good players out there." He rubbed the head of a little boy standing beside him. "Hi, Red, how's it going?" He signed an autograph book pushed in front of him by somebody taking a chance he might be famous and then turned to his caddy.

"O.K., Ben, that's it. Let's get the car loaded up."

At his locker he opened the door and sat down wearily. "No guts," he said.



He could never remember having a 7 on a par-3 before. Why in the U.S. Open?

"No guts. I wouldn't gamble," forgetting for a moment that he had done exactly that on the 6th hole.

He picked up some telegrams from Michigan City. "It really gets you looking forward to seeing you SATURDAY AND SUNDAY ON TV. How can you face people like that?"

"I've never. I can never remember having a 7 on a par-3 hole. Why now?" "Hi!" It was the difference between a really good showing and being right out of the tournament."

His 152 tied Arnold Palmer for the 36 holes. His 152 was better than the scores turned in by people named Gault, Hebert, Bayer, Besselsch, Cupit, Campbell, Ventura, Putt, Sifbold, Furgol, Charles, Ragan and Unterswald. But the cut that eliminated 100 of the 150 players was made at 150 strokes, just as George Thomas had predicted. Next day the Michigan City *News-Democrat* would carry this headline: THOMAS, PALMER BOW OUT WITH 152'S.

George and Barbara Thomas left early the following morning for Michigan City. They did not stay around to see Gary Player win the U.S. Open or to figure out that 19 of those 50 who won big money in the tournament had rounds worse than the two that were not even good enough to keep George in it. But that's how it is with the Open.

They threw a party for him at the Long Beach Country Club, his patrons and pupils, and they clapped him on the back, and they told him how proud they were. He was amazed. He said he had not expected to be rewarded for failure. Eventually he got a form letter in the mail from the tournament committee. With the letter was a check for \$300. And his life was never really the same again, because the Bloom Country Club in Elkhart, Ind., urged him to come be their pro at a very handsome salary, and he took it because it just happened to be about the best country-club job in the state and the pro shop reminded him of something he had seen in St. Louis once upon a time. And almost a year later he would admit that he has never really tried to scrape off that parking sticker on his windshield, the one that reads "Con-tenant, 1965 U.S. Open."

END

Big Betting on Bullfights in the Boondocks

The Philippine government is cool toward water-buffalo fights, but the natives in the remote areas still hold the contests in carnival style

Nothing stirs up the sporting blood of villagers in the Philippine back-country so much as a lively water-buffalo fight in the Visayan Islands, for example, which lie between Luzon and Mindanao, even those who regard cock-fights as interesting only to poultry butchers will bet their last peso on the *cavabao* they happen to fancy and when word gets around that a fight is scheduled, punters from surrounding villages crowd in to put their money down. The total betting often runs as high as 1,000 pesos (roughly \$250). The hookmaker, in a curious variation from custom elsewhere, is democratically chosen: the bettors pick the neighbor least likely to run off with the money.

Some people, of course, don't bet—they simply like to watch water buffalo mix it up, especially at the time of the full moon, when the beasts are hebeled to be touched with madness and ready for anything. The rules of the sport, an ancient Malayan one, have been traditional over the centuries and are quite simple: 1) no owner may touch, push or in any way try to help his own entry; 2) an animal is considered defeated only when it can no longer stand up or when it runs away and refuses to come back; 3) the decision of the referee is final. (The referee is usually the *basao* captain or village chief.)

The fights are usually staged in the cool of morning or during the early part of a moonlit evening. The promoters try to pick a spot where the buffalo are likely to put on a good show. If the place is too far from their usual haunts they get homesick and will refuse to fight. Some *cavabao* will not fight if they have an unfamiliar handler, they like to have the owner in their corner. Others would rather ruminate unless there is a female water buffalo somewhere nearby.

Once the battle has started anything goes. There are no fouls, time-outs or substitutions. Such limitations would be almost impossible to enforce, since water buffalo, though good fighters, are poor sports and, once aroused, they tolerate no outside influences. At starting time the two large beasts are brought to within about a hundred feet of each other, where they work up hate and anger, glaring with lifted heads, the big ears upright, the fiery eyes rolling angrily in their sockets. They sniff the air like dogs scenting game. They shake their huge horns fiercely, stomp their feet and in general ham it up like professional wrestlers. They even groan. All this time the contestants are tethered. But then each handler frees his beast, slipping the ropes off the twitching head, and slaps the animal's buttocks by way of telling him to get in there and show them.

The *cavabao* utters a long, high-pitched moan, puts on its most menacing grimace, lowers its head, points its horns like double daggers and charges at a full run. So, of course, does the other *cavabao*. When the two meet the clash reverberates through the jungle.

The animals push, weave, duck and hob like swordsmen in an old Douglas Fairbanks movie. Their hooves dig deep into the ground while they maneuver for the best fighting stance. Bits of grass, twigs and a rain of mud fly in all directions. The breathing of the fighters is more and more stentorian, angrier and angrier, as they circle and stalk each other for advantage. One misstep, one slip of the foot in the mud, and the buffalo left standing is the almost certain winner. He can pierce his fallen enemy's sides or thrust his horns into his eyes.

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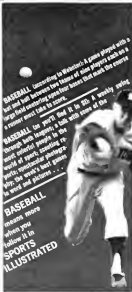


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Bullfights

forms to crowd behavior in or out of jungles. It goes wild. The wounded *cazabao* begins to show fear. It is losing blood and with it courage. The other animal presses hard. The loser painfully bucked up, then turns tail and runs in wild retreat. The winner is close after, sometimes close enough to stab with its horns, so that the thick buttocks and hind legs of the fleeing animal are crisscrossed with wounds. The spectators with money on the heart plead with him to stand and fight. And sometimes, incredibly, he does. He faces around and waits for a new charge, sometimes he even charges himself and at this point it might be a fight to the death.

The gallery, meanwhile, is a spectacle in its own right. A running fight is hard to keep up with and a better needs to be spy to see how his bull is doing. At a fight in one village, a young woman who didn't want to miss anything fell into a mudhole trying to keep up with the buffalo who was copping out. Men run out of husherships with lather on their faces and hair half cut to catch the final rounds, and when the water buffalo charge past a schoolyard the children with the teacher often in the vanguard leave their books behind and join the pursuit. In the later stages of a fight it is better for a *cazabao* aficionado to be mobile. Those on the ground have the advantage over spectators who climb high into coconut trees to get the best seats for the opening clash.

Though still popular, *cazabao* fights seem to be on the way out, a development that owes little to humanitarianism. The politicians are moving in to stop them. In many backcountry political campaigns a candidate who wants to draw the crowd away from an opponent's rally gets a friend to promote a water-buffalo match. Since most constituents would rather see a buffalo fight than listen to a speech this has been declared an unfair tactic. Another, lesser reason for the declining popularity of the contests is that the *cazabao* is a protected animal, as a conservation measure. The Philippine government has banned its slaughter. In place of water-buffalo fights, the government is encouraging villagers to buy transistor radios, figuring this will take people's minds off the rowdier kinds of entertainment. If radio fails, next stop *Burmaw*. Something has to save the poor *cazabao*.

—NIRANOR A. ARLAY

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by SANDY RAMRAS

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Lou Johnson found an abandoned bus fiddle in the LOS ANGELES (6-3) locker room and thought it logical to "entertain the boys" before their game with the Braves. After the impromptu concert, the Dodger bandleaders mangled five pitches for 16 hits, including Maury Wills' first homer in two years, and 10 runs. Johnson went out and got some base hits of another sort, going eight for 19. Tommy Davis hit his first homer since September 25, 1964. Manager Bobby Bragan couldn't understand why ATLANTA (3-6) was losing. "If I could put my finger on it, I'd be in Washington helping L.B.J.!" Two big reasons were Tony Cloninger, 43-game winner over the past two years, who completed only one game since opening night, and Wade Blasingame, who is having arm trouble. After losing seven straight, the Braves reached an all-time low in their 89-year National League history when they fell into ninth place behind NEW YORK (4-6). Jack Fisher bent the Dodgers for the first time as a Met. Leo Durocher, upset at the mistakes CHICAGO (4-7) was making, benched Shortstop Don Kessinger (three costly errors in one game), moved Ron Santo from third to short and put Ernie Banks back in the lineup at third. But Santo was bad at shortstop (after one ball caromed off his glove, Lou said, "Any good shortstop would have turned that ball into a double play"), and Banks was bad at third. Durocher gave up on his great experiment, reinstated Kessinger, moved Banks to first and put Santo back on third. Santo responded with two home runs and three RBIs in a 5-3 win. When SAN FRANCISCO (4-2) was winning five straight, Manager Herman Franks said that he "couldn't get excited about this pennant race, yet." The yet came in Philadelphia when Juan Marchal suffered his first defeat in 11 decisions. Observers as-

sisted that in the first 51 games of the season the Giants had been extremely lucky; Franks had used seven first basemen, four second basemen, four shortstops, three right fielders, and four center fielders. Ray Sadecki won his first game since being traded from the Cardinals, and one Bay Area paper headlined: SADECKI GETS BULL OFF BACK. But the shadow of Cepeda was present again in his next start when Sadecki was ineffective, losing 6-1. "I seriously doubt if I ever saw four home runs hit a total of over 1,800 feet," marveled PHILADELPHIA (7-3) Manager Gene Mauch about the four blasts that Richie Allen hit. Although Allen was unable to throw more than 60 feet, Mauch made him his left fielder and told Shortstop Bobby Wine to move into the outfield to relay Allen's throws. Rookie Bob Tolan was a 57, LOUIS (4-5) hero one day and the goat the next. His seventh-inning RBI single tied a game against the Reds, and he scored the winning run in the 10th. Another single beat the Astros but the next night Tolan's throwing error gave the Dodgers the only run of the game. Leo Cardenas of CINCINNATI (2-7) had four home runs in a doubleheader and seven during the week, but the Reds were ineffective. Pete Rose had been in an 8-for-48 slump before he went 3 for 4 against the Cubs, and Deron Johnson was hitting .186. HOUSTON'S (3-5) Rusty Staub became the 10th player to reach the right-field roof in Forbes Field, but his homer, which had given the Astros a 6-0 lead over PITTSBURGH (7-2), was not enough as the hot Pirates came back to win 9-6. Willie Stargell raised his average to .327 with 13 for 19, including four homers and 10 RBIs. Undefeated rookie Woody Fryman hit his fourth straight.

Schedule: SF 22-18, LA 21-20, Pitt 29-28, Phil 22-21, Hou 23-24, Cin 21-25, StL 21-19, Atl 23-20, NY 17-26, Chi 15-34

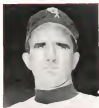
AMERICAN LEAGUE

With his team slumping badly after taking a 4½-game lead in the pennant race, CLEVELAND (3-7) Manager Birdie Tebbetts decided his problems were in the bullpen. "The most important player is a relief pitcher who can work every day," he said. So Birdie and General Manager Gabe Paul gambled and traded pitchers Lee Stange and Don McMahon to BOSTON (3-7) for Duck (The Monster) Radatz, winner of the Fireman of the Year Award in 1962 and 1964 but a dismal failure last year and this. Radatz had his first chance with the Indians in Kansas City and was hit hard: he gave up three hits, four walks and five runs in 3½ of an inning. But Pitching Coach Early Wynn found a flaw in Duck's style, and the trade looked better the next two nights when Radatz saved successive wins over the Twins. Said Radatz, "It's like being born again." Meanwhile, the Red Sox had something to smile about, too, as Dick Stigman and Bob Sadowski, who had come to Boston in earlier trades, each won his first game in a Red Sox uniform. And Jim Goggin's three-run homer in the 16th inning gave the Sox a 6-3 win over NEW YORK (4-5) just seven minutes before an 11:59 p.m. curfew. Jim Bouton started twice for the Yankees, pitched well and won his first game since last June 30. Steve Hamilton continued his excellent relief work as he extended his string of scoreless innings to 18½. After sweeping a three-game series with the White Sox two weeks earlier to go five games over 500, MINNESOTA (4-6) won only four of its next 18 to drop five below 500 and fall into a tie for seventh place. The main reason for the decline seemed to be poor defensive work, especially by Third Baseman Harmon Killebrew, whose throwing error against Baltimore let two runs score and prompted Own-

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

Jack Lamabe tends to be fat. His round, red face resting on a 205-pound frame earned him the nickname "Tomatoes," when he was with the Boston Red Sox, and his eating habits made him the target for unkind remarks. Former Red Sox Pitching Coach Harry Dorish claimed that Lamabe was the only man who could pitch in 90° weather and still gain weight. Duck Radatz had a saying about Jack's feats with knife and fork: "Tomatoes, tomatoes, I know your fat. . . ." His fate was demotion to the minors ("I haven't been of any help," he told Manager Billy Herman), but from Toronto he climbed back up to Houston and then was traded to the White Sox. Mired in the bullpen (only 15½

innings pitched all season) and struggling 14.40 ERA, he pitched 3½ innings of relief against the Orioles on May 24 and gave up only two hits. Thus so impressed Manager Eddie Stanky that he gave Lamabe a chance to start. Through seven innings Tomatoes had a no-hit game, and when it was over he had a one-hit shutout, the first shutout he had ever pitched in the majors. Stanky put Jack in the starting rotation and four days later, in his next start, he pitched his second successive shutout, beating Washington 8-0 on three hits. Now Lamabe had a 3-1 record, a respectable 2.45 ERA and a problem. Another shutout or two and he might have to cancel the wedding he has planned for July 11. Why? Next day is the All-Star Game in St. Louis, and Lamabe just might have to be there.



WHITE SOX' JACK LAMABE

TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING

through June 4

National League	Wins	50	ERA		
ST. Louis	10-1	Marshall	89	Marshall	1.29
LA. Dodgers	9-1	Randall	91	Kousser	1.42
PIT. Pirates	6-2	Wade	81	Schall	1.95
PHIL. Phillies	7-1	Burnham	79	Burnham	1.87
RCR. Reds	6-3	Gault	41	Condit	1.30
SD. Padres	7-5	Gibson	100	Jackson	0.73
CIN. Reds	5-1	Stalvey	61	Mahoney	1.83
ATL. Braves	4-4	Lemaster	53	Johnson	3.79
NY. Yankees	4-5	Hawthorn	35	Bahart	2.36
CH. Cubs	4-4	Ellsworth	42	Ellsworth	2.39

American League

CLEV. Indians	4-1	McDowell	76	Kasper	1.86
BALT. Orioles	5-1	Palmer	53	S. Miller	1.64
DET. Tigers	8-3	Leitch	56	Aguero	2.37
CAL. Athletics	5-1	Chapman	32	Lee	2.25
CHI. White Sox	4-1	John	52	Lawler	1.85
WASH. Senators	6-5	Buchert	89	Richard	2.35
NY. Yankees	6-5	Downing	54	Ford	2.93
MIN. Twins	6-4	Kaal	51	Kaal	2.81
BO. Braves	5-4	Wilson	57	Santiago	3.15
KC. Royals	4-4	Rusler	47	Shotton	3.53

er Cal. Griffith to remark that "It was the widest throw I've ever seen." But Killebrew was beginning to hit—five homers in seven games. Bernie Allen helped beat the Orioles with a two-run homer but then gave a game to the Tigers with successive errors on routine plays. Camilo Pascual continued to have trouble, allowing 24 hits and 21 runs in 12 innings. The conflict between BALTIMORE (7-3) Manager Hank Bauer and Jerry Adair flared again. Adair yelled to be traded "any place but Washington; Washington's too near Baltimore." His replacement, Dave Johnson, hit .343 last week (12 for 35). KANSAS CITY (5-4) Owner Charlie Finley continued to feud with Writer Joe McGuff after taking exception to McGuff's remarks about recent KC player deals. Finley beamed as one new arrival, Joe Nemeik, doubled in two runs and scored a third to beat the Orioles and then singled home the winning run to defeat the Indians. A's hitters exploded for 39 hits in three games and the Athletics won all three. John Romano raised his batting average to .309 to provide the muscle as CHICAGO (8-2) pitchers threw six shutouts—two each by Jack Lamabe (left) and John Bushardt and one each by Tommy John and Gary Peters. The White Sox lost Shortstop Ron Hansen for the season with a ruptured disk and Third Baseman Pete Ward for several weeks with a hernia. Willie Horton broke a 0 for 29 slump with a home run to give DETROIT (6-3) a 1-0 win over CALIFORNIA (4-6). The Angels played three straight extra-inning games, including one that went 17, and lost them all. Heavy hitting by Don Lock, Frank Howard, and Jim King moved WASHINGTON (5-6) into the first division for the first time since 1961, although it lasted only one day.

Standings: Clev. 30, 17; Bal. 30, 18; Det. 26, 19; Chi. 24, 22; Cal. 24-25; NY 21, 25; Minn. 21, 22; Wash. 22-28; KC 18-28; Bos. 13-20.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BATTING ORDER

Sirs:

In your May 23 SCORECARD, you mentioned the bat-waving incidents which have taken place recently in baseball. You also suggested that, in the next such incident, Commissioner Eickert ban the offending player from baseball forever.

I must disagree with this position. When, in 1919, eight members of the Chicago White Sox threw the World Series, Commissioner Landis banned them from ever again participating in organized baseball. To suggest that a person who undertook to strike a fellow player with a bat be given the same punishment is absurd.

As for the idea that such a punishment might deter a player from smashing another with a bat, it wouldn't. In such a heated argument, there is no time for thought. If there were, no player would ever strike another, regardless of the punishment. I, personally, am for strengthening baseball's rule in this matter, but I feel the punishment should fit the crime.

TOM ABRAHAM

Berwyn, Ill.

Sirs:

Your suggestion that Commissioner Eickert be prepared to take harsh disciplinary action in future cases involving attacks on players with baseball bats is an excellent one. Should he do this, however, notices to that effect posted in clubhouses should be printed in Spanish as well as in English.

THEODORE A. NESBIT

Manchester, Mass.

HIGH SEA

Sirs:

In the tradition of men who go to sea, a hearty "well done" for your article on the U.S. Coast Guard's Search and Rescue operations (S & R, May '80).

We of the Lake Tahoe Coast Guard Auxiliary are especially proud that you mentioned our "ocean in the sky." We are perhaps the smallest auxiliary in service and have a short two- to three-month season, but we manage to put in several thousand man-hours patrolling our better than 100 miles of coastline every summer. We patrol regattas, races, take part in Search and Rescue and even were called upon in the middle of a summer night last year to rescue an 1800 wood-burning steamboat. Our auxiliary fleet is composed of everything from \$250 outboards to \$50,000 cruisers plus a twin-engine aircraft. We are grateful to SG for the recognition you have given the USCG and the oft unsung Auxiliary.

ROBERT W. DEMSE

Camelton Bay, Calif.

NON SE CHEVAL

Sirs:

Maybe I'm just an innocent abroad and should know all about Godolphin Darley, the French turf writer who helped your Whitney Tower talk to France's François Mather (LETTER FROM THE PURSUIT, June 6). I don't know about M. Darley, but I do know enough about horse racing to remember that all modern Thoroughbreds are descended from three ancestors whose names, if I mistake not, were 1) the Darley Arabian, 2) the Godolphin Arabian and 3) the Bayler Turk. Because of this, I suspect that their apparent timesake is writing under a non se cheval. Am I right?

T. H. VAN SLOO

Lexington, Ky.

● Right. The real name of this noted writer, handicapper, breeding theorist, sales agent and general promoter is Albert Neubut—I D.

YANKEES YES

Sirs:

I was born and raised on the Yankees and, consequently, I feel closely tied to their spirit and frame of mind. The juggling act of their higher echelons in recent years has somewhat appalled me, as did their slump last year. When they bounced Ralph Houk upstairs at the end of the '63 season, I began to have fears, for Houk was clearly a man who injected a winning spirit into the team. The following two years bore out my fears as Bene struggled to a pennant and Keane—beset by injuries, it is true—had no luck at all.

Therefore, I think William Leggett got caught off base in his article, *A Drive Team Screams for Help* (May 16). True, the Yankees' latest move is radical, but "pennant-stricken"? No. Instead, it appears that, for once the front office is willing to admit a mistake and, from that point of view, they took the most direct step to correct it.

No criticism is intended for Keane, who has no need to prove his ability as a manager, but he did not have what the Yankees needed, Houk does. Yankee players work for Houk because they want to and because he demands it. Further, they respect him and believe in him. If Houk says they are going to win, it seems only right they should.

With the Iron Major back where he belongs, it should be an even better pennant race than you originally anticipated. I'm sorry I won't be there to see it, but I trust your votes will keep me up to date as the Yankees make it a real scramble.

ROBERT LE ROY
2ND LIEUT., USMC

Chu Lai, Vietnam

Sirs:

I am a true Yankee fan, and I will fight anyone that says anything against Mickey Mantle.

DIANE CERNY

Teaneck, N.J.

CATTLE HUNT

Sirs:

I was interested to read Charles Garris' letter (19th HOLE, June 6) on Texas game ranches: "Why not include a steer? . . . It is pretty much the same 'sport.'"

Cattle, at one time, were considered proper big game. Take a look at J. Frank Dobie's book, *The Longhorns*, in which he quotes many authorities. Wild cattle (Spanish and longhorn) were hunted along with buffalo, deer, wild hogs and wolves, among others. Texas cattle were "... animals miscelated tame, 50 times more dangerous to footmen than the fiercest buffalo." And: "To kill a buffalo is but child's play compared with [killing cattle]."

A hunting party in Texas years ago tangled with a longhorn. "Lyne had an eight-shooting pistol he had made himself, a rifle, and a pair of holsters; I had a rifle, a snare-shooter, and a pair of holsters. Twenty shots went into the body of that black cow before we killed her."

A party was attacked by wild bulls in 1846 while traveling from Santa Fe to California. The party's leader, Colonel Cooke, reported: "The animals attacked in some instances without provocation. . . one ran on a man, caught him in the thigh, and threw him clear over his body lengthwise, then it charged on a team, ran its head into the first mule and tore out the entrails of the one beyond. Another ran against a sergeant, who escaped with severe bruises, as the horns passed at each side of him. . . . A bull, after receiving two bulls through its heart and two through its lungs, ran on a man."

Cattle, people said in the old days, were "more dangerous to footmen than grizzly bears." And in their natural home, Texas brush, the longhorns were more than a match for any brush popper who tried to put a loop on them. Some lived their entire lives on Texas cattle ranches without ever feeling a rope, let alone knives and sinew.

I am not a hunter, but I would like to see someone fence off a few thousand acres of Texas thicket, stock it with longhorns, and then up every day for five or 10 years, then throw it open to "big game" sportsmen—with blinds and war-stimulus cannon scheduled. I suspect that any such longhorn hunting preserve would produce far more human casualties than wild trophies.

FREDERICK STEVE HARRIS

Houston

continued



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19TH HOLE

HUSTLE, LUCK AND RUSSELL

Sirs,

In his "sour grapes" letter (19th Hole, May 23) Mr. William Práwdek of Chicago attributed the success of the Boston Celtics to their luck in recovering loose balls and rebounds. He also belittled the number of lucky shots that accidentally go in. Anyone who knows even a little bit about basketball knows that there is more to the game than meets the eye. Those balls that bounce around the rim and go in are the result of the "soft shot," one many players work hard to perfect. It is used expressly because, even when the shot is a little bit off, the ball has a better chance of falling in if it has been put up softly. A low-trajectory cannon shot may look great when it swishes, but unless a player can hit 100% of his shots, it is just not good basketball.

As for the recovery of loose balls, hustle, not luck, is the word that should be used to describe the Celtics. No team that stands around gawking will recover many loose balls.

There is no doubt that a team must have a little luck to win so many consecutive world championships, but it is not luck alone that wins titles. In other words, never have I seen a basketball team, or any team in any sport, as consistently good as the Boston Celtics.

JAMES SUTLER

Youngstown, Ohio

Sirs,

Now, really! The Celtics have won the NBA championship nine years out of the past 10. Luck? Absolutely not! Lady Luck simply isn't that generous.

INT. LIEUT. FRANCIS J.
GATFAGHER, USAF

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Sirs,

I really got mad at William Práwdek's criticism.

The Celtics overpower their opponents with defense. While other NBA teams are playing merely offensive basketball the Celtics are turning a defensive steal into an offensive score. It's true the other NBA teams can match the Celtics in skill and desire, but no other team can play defense the way the Celtics can, and that's the key to all their championships.

I guess the Celtics are lucky in a way, though, they have Bill Russell.

ROBERT BULL, M.D. (HNS)
Silver Spring, Md.

Sirs,

Mr. Práwdek is to be pitied. Most people know that the kind of luck the Celtics have is known as skill. That is the stuff championships are made of.

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A large, close-up photograph of a woman with blonde hair, looking thoughtfully at the camera while holding a glass of a light-colored, frothy cocktail (a daiquiri). She is wearing a dark green top with a white patterned scarf.

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